SARCASTIC NOTE SENT TO BRITAIN

Little Mexico This Time Makes Light of the Threats of the Entente Allies.

The Mexican foreign office has dispatched a reply tinged with sarcasm to a British note reporting the presence of German submarines in Mexican waters, and declaring that the allies will take drastic action if they receive aid from Mexican sources.

The British note furnished the first official confirmation of vague rumors the U-boats have succeeded in reaching the Gulf of Mexico. It was transmitted through the American state department and demanded close censorship of messages sent from Mexican wireless station. Obviously the British government feared a raid on British oil ships leaving the Tampico field.

Foreign Secretary Aguilar, replying, suggested that England might prevent complications by using her warship to prevent German submarines from reaching Mexican waters. He added that it was extraordinary for the British government to hold Mexico responsible for submarine activities in her waters, inasmuch as no such action was taken with reference to the United States when German submarines operated against British shipping immediately after visiting United States ports.

Aguilar also protested in polite diplomatic phraseology against the sending of the note through the American government. He declared that hereafter communications transmitted in this manner will not be answered.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS TO BE TAKEN UP

Diplomatic Slate Will Now Engage Attention of President Wilson.

The return of President Wilson to Washington means concerted efforts by all officials of the state department to clean the American slate of complicated international matters of long standing.

Secretary of State Lansing has begun steps for bringing to a rapid close several cases about which diplomatic negotiations have been conducted for months.

Here are some of the cases to be taken up immediately:

WITH ENGLAND:

The question of retaliation because of the blacklisting of American business firms. A decision is expected.

Action for prompt betterment of the treatment accorded neutral mails to and from the United States.

WITH GERMANY:

Consideration of whether the German submarine warfare pledges have been violated in the recent sinking of merchant vessels bearing Americans. Upon this rests the question of whether the Lusitania case shall be declared settled.

Appointment of a commission to fix indemnities growing out of the sinking of the American vessel, William P. Frye.

Other diplomatic affairs probably will be deferred.

Diamond in Mules' Hide

L. Grabner, a resident of Sawyersville, Ill., who received gratis the injured and worthless mules of the Superior Coal Company, for their hides, was much surprised on reaching the shoulders of one of the animals, while skinning it, to find a one and one-half carat diamond buried beneath the skin.

ACHING TEETH RELIEVED AT HOME

Sloan's Liniment Robs Toothache of Its Terrors. Pain Vanishes in a Few Minutes.

No need to pace the floor all night with the agony of a throbbing tooth. Sloan's Liniment will quickly relieve the pain and give you rest.

A single application and the pain usually disappears. Sloan's Liniment gets right to the root of the trouble. Like a warming balm it relieves congestion, and in a few minutes toothache is reduced.

To soothe the throb of a tooth that pains with neuralgia, apply Sloan's Liniment externally. Aching muscles, rheumatism, gout, bruises, sprains, lumbago, chilblains, sprains and stiff neck can also be most effectively treated with Sloan's Liniment. Cleaner than mussy plasters or poultices.

Sloan's Liniment at all drug stores in 25c, 50c, and $1.00 bottles.

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

Use Cuticura And Watch Your Skin Clear.

On Rising and Retiring

Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment on end of the finger. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue bathing for some minutes using the Soap freely. The easy, speedy way to clear the skin and keep it clear.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 8F, Boston." Sold everywhere.

RAISULI STARTS WAR OF HIS OWN

This Noted Moroccan Outlaw Chief Decides to Assail Spain Now.

Now Raisuli, the famous Moroccan outlaw, has decided to go to war. Raisuli, whose exploits a little more than a decade ago sent American and British warships hurrying to the Moroccan shores, has picked out Spain to war upon.

Dispatches from Morocco say that Raisuli has been proclaimed khalifa of Islam by the mountain tribes of Morocco and that he has already isolated a Spanish force that was garrisoned in the more remote part of the Spanish zone of influence in Morocco. He has also cut the Spanish military telegraph and forbidden Spanish troops to use the roadways.

British advices assert that Raisuli is being financed by German interests, who had expected him to direct his activities against the French zone in Morocco. Raisuli, however, seems to be up to his old tricks and has double-crossed his backers and at the same time given Spain an undesired war.

Drew American Wrath.

For 10 years this strange combination of bandit, Oriental mystic and patriot has been fairly quiet. True, during that time, he raided a few towns, held up a number of caravans and made life more or less unpleasantly insecure for the Sultan of Morocco, but he refrained from embroiling powers in his mischief. Raisuli, a handsome, daring hill chieftain, a direct descendent of the Prophet and therefore a sherif of Islam, drew worldwide attention to himself by kidnaping Ion Perdicaris, a rich American, and Cromwell Varley, Perdicaris' stepson, in 1904. He held them for ransom and the United States government demanded that the Sultan of Morocco obtain the release of the men. American warships entered the port of Tangiers and the sultan was given a limited time to comply with the American demands.

The sultan had no control over Raisuli and was not powerful enough to rescue the Americans by force, so he compromised with Raisuli by paying the outlaw $7,000 ransom, making him governor of several provinces and freeing many of Raisuli's followers from prison.

Some years later Raisuli kidnaped Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, a Scotchman, who was adviser at the sultan's court. This time British warships took a prominent role in the negotiations and Raisuli got $100,000 and some more concessions from the sultan.

Raisuli has been interviewed by many Europeans and Americans. Their accounts of him differ. Some of them describe him as a sort of modern Robin Hood, brave, congenial to strangers, benevolent to the needy and something of a primitive gentleman. Others hold him to be a cruel, ignorant, superstitious Moorish mountaineer. But all agree that his followers are devoted to him and he is the most powerful personage in Morocco, a man capable of stirring up a lot of trouble, as he is doing just now.

WORKS OF ART CAUSE CASE TO CUSTOMS APPEAL COURT

The customs court of appeals is to be asked to decide whether certain vases painted by M. Roualt, a Frenchman, are articles of utility or works of art. The difference is between 45 per cent duty and no duty at all.

The interesting thing about the case is that when the articles were imported they were passed free of duty, and six months later were found by the collector of the port of New York to have been wrongly classified.

VILLA VICTOR IN PARRAL BATTLE

Overwhelmingly Defeats Carranzistas, Who Fall Back on Chihuahua.

Villa won an overwhelming victory in an engagement with Carranzistas south of Parrall, last week. The defeated constitutionalists fled back to Chihuahua City with the Villistas in close pursuit.

The evacuation of the capital city cannot be long delayed, according to the advices to Jaurez.

Chihuahua is deserted by all foreigners, following the admission of Gen. Trevino that he cannot guarantee protection. Besides the nine Americans whose fate has been in doubt since Villa took Parral, alarm was felt for the safety of nine others at Magistral, 65 miles east of Parral. They were employes of the National Mines & Smelters Co.

Refugees reaching Jaurez reported that it was probable the Parral Americans had escaped by hiding out. They said the Americans there had been prepared for three weeks to make a getaway. Another refugee train reaching Jaurez brought, in addition to its human freight, five cars of books and records of Chihuahua.

WAR CHANGES FUNERAL FASHIONS IN ENGLAND

War economy has changed the fashions in English funerals. They have become simpler. Protests are made against plumes, hearses, expensive coffins and other ornaments of the conventional burial.

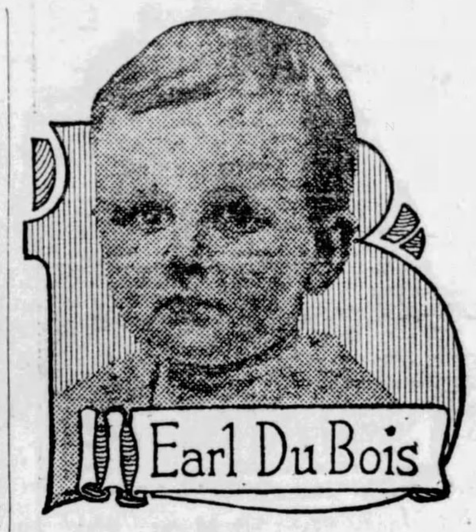
The late Major Walton of Brighton, ordered, in his will, that no gloves, hat bands, scarfs and cloaks "or other disgusting paraphernalia of the undertaker" were to be worn at his funeral and the horses were to be brown, bay, gray or chestnut.

An army colonel writing to the newspapers, says: "A hearse is an abomination of stamped tin and tinsel."

London undertakers, interviewed, agreed that people are ordering less expensive funerals, but predicted a return to the old order after the war.

Most Effective Remedy Mother Had Ever Used

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Relieves Baby When Other Medicines Failed.



There is nothing so necessary to a child's health and comfort as regularity of the bowels. All children are especially susceptible to stomach trouble and any overstrain of the sensitive organs has a tendency to obstruct elimination. This condition is responsible for much of the illness of childhood.

To relieve constipation a mild laxative should be employed. Cathartics and purgatives are violent in their action and should be avoided. Mrs. Alfred Du Bois, Mt. Holly, N. J., says Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is without doubt the most effective remedy for constipation she has ever used and that it is the only remedy she could find for her baby. Little Earl was badly constipated during his first year and nothing she tried seemed to help him until she got a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Now he is a fine, strong, healthy boy, and she thanks Dr. Caldwell for it.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, free from opiates or narcotic drugs; it acts gently without griping or other discomfort, and appeals to children because of its pleasant taste. Druggists everywhere sell it for fifty cents a bottle, and every mother should have it in the house for use whenever occasion arises.

To avoid imitations and ineffective substitutes always be sure to ask for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. See that a facsimile of Dr. Caldwell's signature and his portrait appear on the yellow carton in which the bottle is packed. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois, for whom this advertisement is published.

WHAT A LITTLE COPPER PENNY WILL PURCHASE IN ELECTRICITY

The decreased cost of electric service and the increased effiiciency of electrically operated devices are constantly adding to the purchasing power of a cent. The Electrical Experimenter says that on a basis of eight cents per kilowatt-hour one cent will buy: Electric service to light a 25-watt (23-candlepower) lamp for five hours; electric service to make 10 cups of coffee in an electric pot; electric service to heat milk in a nursery milk warmer three times; electric service for 300,000 stitches on a motor-driven sewing machine; electric service for 12 cups of tea in an electric samovar; electric service to operate an electric chafing dish for 15 minutes; electric service to boil 12 eggs in an electric hot water cup; electric service for an electric vacuum cleaner for one hour; electric service to warm a heating pad for two hours; electric service for an electric washing machine for one hour; electric service for an electric flatiron for 10 minutes; electric service to make 10 slices of toast on an electric toaster.

Jess Willard says: "Take Nuxated Iron

If you want plenty of 'stay there' Strength and Endurance and Health and muscles like mine."

A hitherto untold Secret of his Great Victories over Jack Johnson and Frank Moran.

Ordinary Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of the delicate nervous folks 200 per cent in two weeks' time.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Dr. E. Sauer, a physician who has studied widely in both this country and Europe, has been specially employed to make a thorough investigation into the real secret of the great strength, power and endurance of Jess Willard, and the marvelous value of nuxated iron as a strength builder.

NEW YORK—Upon being interviewed at his apartment in the Colonial Hotel, Mr. Willard said: "Yes, I have a chemist with me to study the value of different foods and products as to their power to produce great strength and endurance, both of which are so necessary in the prize ring. On his recommendation I have often taken nuxated iron and I have particularly advocated the free use of iron by all those who wish to obtain great physical and mental power. Without it I am sure that I should never have been able to whip Jack Johnson so completely and easily as I did and while training for my fight with Frank Moran, I regularly took nuxated iron, and I am certain that it was a most important factor in my winning the fight so easily." Continuing, Dr. Sauer said: "Mr. Willard's case is only one of hundreds which I could cite from my own personal experience which proves conclusively the astonishing power of nuxated iron to restore strength and vitality even in most complicated chronic conditions."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old, and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man—in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more or less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work, or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, rundown people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone to inglorious defeat simply for the lack or iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any caritable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

JESS WILLARD AT HOME

Among all the prominent figures of the prize ring, probably none is so devoted to family life as Jess Willard. After each engagement the champion hurries to his wife and children and remains at their side until public demand forces him to leave for new encounters. Everything is done to bring up the "little Willards" with strong healthy bodies Mr. Willard accounts for his own success by saying:—

"I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance."

Jess Willard

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1916. EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 46.

NOVEMBER ELECTION ADDS FOUR MORE LARGE WHITE SECTIONS TO MAP OF UNITED STATES

THIRTEEN VOTES OF CALIFORNIA ELECT WILSON

Three Days of Anxiety Follow November Election—Result Closest Since 1876 Contest.

For two days following the close of the polls on the night of November 7 the results of the presidential election remained in doubt. Up to that time it was either candidate's victory. Thursday night it became apparent that California's 13 electoral votes would go to Wilson, giving him a total of 269, three more than necessary to elect. Hughes was given credit for 243. This left 19 in doubt—12 from Minnesota (Hughes leading) four from New Hampshire and three from New Mexico.

At one time it was expected that Minnesota would turn the balance. This was when California's vote favored Hughes. But changes from one column to the other came rapidly, until it developed that California held the balance of power.

The closeness of the contest brought to mind the Hayes-Tilden election of 1876, which went to congress for final settlement.

Republicans Concede Nothing.

Saturday came, but brought no change of the President's lead. Republican National Chairman Willcox and Mr. Hughes refused to concede Mr. Wilson's re-election.

The President's plurality over Mr. Hughes in the total popular vote, according to estimates based upon the complete returns, is 403,312.

The candidates together polled a total of 16,724,114 votes, the largest total ever recorded in any election in this country. The swelling of the vote this year was caused by two things: The additional vote of the women and the keen national interest in the issues.

The President polled in the neighborhood of 2,270,000 more votes on Tuesday that he did four years ago. Mr. Hughes received more votes than Mr. Taft and Col. Roosevelt combined in 1912.

The Socialist and Prohibition tickets showed greater strength than in 1912, but there has not yet been any official estimate of the size of the vote. The New York Call, the leading Socialist newspaper in the United States, claims that more than 1,000,000 votes were cast for Allen Benson, the Socialist candidate for president.

Willcox's Statement.

Chairman Willcox issued the following statement Saturday:

"We will concede nothing at this time. And we will concede nothing until the official count is in in the doubtful states. There is nothing else for me say at this time except that I expect to see Mr. Hughes some time today."

Later Chairman Willcox gave out this statement:

"The national committee is not raising the cry of fraud nor is it going out searching for fraud. We have received any number of communications, signed and unsigned, by telegraph, letter and telephone, alleging fraud from all parts of the country, but in all cases the communications are referred back by us to state officials for investigation.

"The national committee is simply in the same position as state officials who are waiting for the result of the official count and whose duty it is to certify what electors have been chosen."

Mr. Willcox added that he believed there is much less opportunity for fraud now than there used to be.

The reason the Republicans still are unwilling to concede defeat is that in the five states, whose returns are still incomplete or unchecked, change of 8,000 votes might shift the tide of victory from Wilson to Hughes.

Errors involving several thousand votes frequently are discovered in recounts.

Johnson Blames Standpatters.

Replying to an editorial in the Los Angeles Times blaming him for the defeat of Mr. Hughes for president, Gov. Hiram W. Johnson issued a statement in which he said the "stand pat" Republicans are responsible.

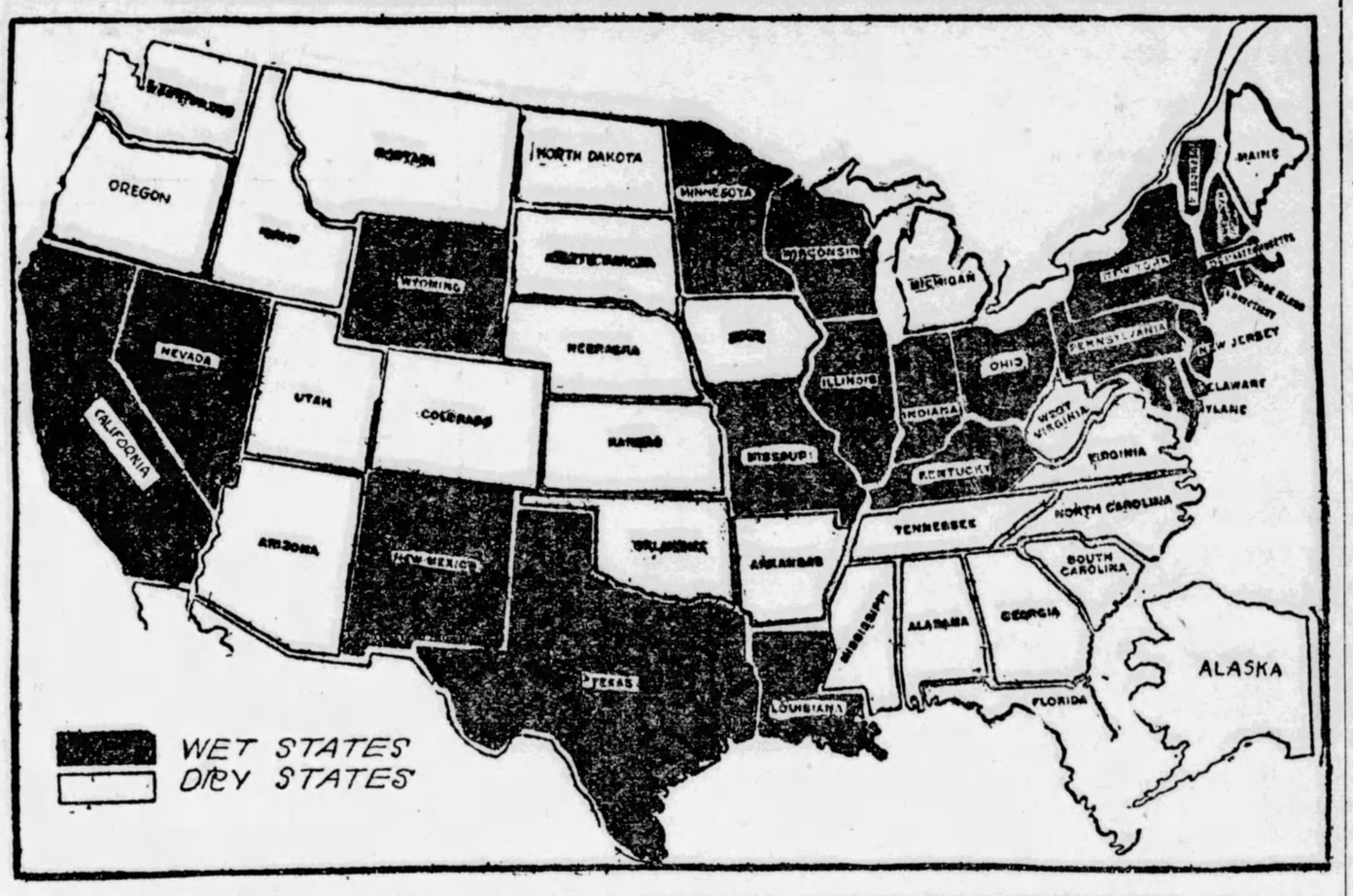
"If California has been the deciding factor in this election," he said, "W. H. Crocker, Francis V. Keesling, Harrison Gray Otis, and a few others, acting in concert with them, have the distinction of having made a president of the United States, and Woodrow Wilson owes them a debt of gratitude.

"Californians know what lost this state to Hughes. A few petty politicians, acting with the Los Angeles Times and one or two others, so misused Mr. Hughes and his visit to California that the injury they did we were unable to undo.

"When Mr. Hughes came into our state, Crocker and Keesling, aided and abetted by a small corterie, created a situation in which they made it appear that Mr. Hughes was reactionary and that he was neither in accord with nor sympathetic with California's progress and achievement. Californians looked aghast and believed the situation created by Crocker, Keesling and the Times, revealed the mind of Mr. Hughes, and that the mind thus revealed was what long ago California had passed by and repudiated.

"These little politicians, doing their little politics, preferred the gratification of their malice and the momentary triumph of their prejudice to the success of the Republican presidential candidate."

UNCLE SAM'S WET AND DRY TERRITORY



WHEN THE ELECTORS FAIL TO ELECT A PRESIDENT

While the result may be closer than seemed to be the case yesterday, there is little doubt that Tilden has been elected.—Kansas City Times, forty years ago.

Commenting on the above, the Kansas City Star says:

The election was on November 7, 1876. Thirty-eight states voted and the total number of electoral votes was 369. As was the case Tuesday night, the early returns all pointed one way and by midnight the leading Republican newspapers had conceded the election of Tilden, who apparently had carried New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Connecticut. These states with the solid South would have given the Democratic nominee 203 electoral votes, leaving Hayes 166.

But before morning the Republican managers had sent out the word: "Concede nothing, claim everything," and proceeded to claim South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, giving Hayes a majority of one vote in the electoral college. In Oregon also there were double returns, the Democratic governor refusing a certificate to one Republican elector. The resulting conflict, after months of uncertainty, led to the compromise of the Electoral Commission Law by which the House and Senate each appointed five of its members, who with five justices of the Supreme Court, constituted the body which finally decided the votes of the disputed states.

The count of the votes began February 1, 1877, and although it proceeded slowly and with much argument it at once became apparent that the commission stood eight to seven for the Republican contentions. Its decisions were strictly on party lines and Republicans controlled the commission. The canvass was not finished until March 2—two days before expiration of President Grant's term of office. The result was 184 votes for Tilden and 185 for Hayes.

The dangers of a disputed election, so narrowly averted in this memorable contest, led to serious consideration in congress and the country of methods of preventing their recurrence. It was not until 1887, however, in the latter part of President Cleveland's first term, that the law was finally adopted which will govern the procedure in case the Wilson-Hughes contest cannot be determined by the face of the returns.

The essence of the law is that the states themselves are the judges of the integrity of the votes cast for their own electors, which, of course, is a complete reversal of the rule that governed the electoral commission. A state having determined the facts, its returns of the vote must stand and cannot be challenged by congress.

There is a chance that a dispute may arise within the state itself and that two sets of electors may be certified by state authorities. In that event the returns are accepted which both houses of congress shall decide are regular. But if the two houses disagree then the electors are recognized who are certified by the governor of the state. It would be only the most extraordinary conditions, however, that the regular state authorities would not have the decision.

WILSON RECEIVES MAJORITY IN VOTE OF ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The lineup of votes in the electoral college the beginning of this week follows:

WILSON		HUGHES	
Alabama	12	Connecticut	
Arizona	3	Delaware	3
Arkansas	9	Illinois	29
California	13	Indiana	15
Colorado	6	Iowa	13
Florida	6	Maine	6
Georgia	14	Massachusetts	18
Idaho	4	Michigan	15
Kansas	10	New Jersey	14
Kentucky	13	New York	45
Louisiana	10	Oregon	5
Maryland	8	Pennsylvania	38
Mississippi	10	Rhode Island	5
Missouri	18	South Dakota	5
Montana	4	Vermont	4
Nebraska	8	West Virginia	8
Nevada	3	Wisconsin	13
New Mexico	3	Total	243
North Carolina	12		
North Dakota	5	**DOUBTFUL**	
Ohio	24	Minnesota	12
Oklahoma	10	New Hampshire	4
South Carolina	9		
Tennessee	12	Votes in electoral college, 531.	
Texas	20		
Utah	4	Necessary to choice, 266.	
Virginia	12		
Washington	7		
Wyoming	3		
Total	272		

TWO HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AMONG LOSERS

TREASURER BURKE AND ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF COMMERCE DEFEATED.

Two high officeholders defeated in their race for electoral offices will return to their desks in Washington. They are John Burke, treasurer of the United States, who ran on the Democratic ticket for senator from North Dakota, and Elwin Sweet, assistant secretary of commerce, who ran for governor of Michigan on the Democratic ticket. Burke did not resign as treasurer pending the result of the election and will retain that office. Sweet tendered his resignation, but its acceptance was delayed until after the election.

J. BARLEYCORN GETS BLOW IN LATE ELECTION

More Than Half United States in Dry Column — Big Victory Won in Michigan.

More than half the states in the Union, twenty-five to be exact, and more than 75 per cent of the territory of the United States is to become "dry" as a result of the election of November 7. Though Frank J. Hanly, Prohibition candidate for President, was literally snowed under, the election marked the greatest victory for prohibition in history. Six states went over to prohibition. They are Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, Utah and Florida. The latter two did not vote directly on prohibition, but the issue was between dry and wet candidates. The territory of Alaska has also been added to the "dry" possessions of the United States.

McBride's Statement.

F. Scott McBride, superintendent of the Illinois State Anti-Saloon League, thus comments on the situation:

"A number of victories were gained for dry legislation in the defeat of propositions put forward by the wets which the wets intended should act as checks on the dry movement. In Colorado an attempt was made to secure an amendment favoring the use of beer under certain restrictions, and in South Dakota and Arkansas the wets championed local option as against state-wide prohibition. In each instance the plans of the wets were defeated.

"The victory in Utah and in Florida was in electing a legislature favorable to dry legislation. The legislation is expected to promptly pass statutory prohibtion. In Utah the last legislature passed such legislation by an 8 to 1 vote, but the measure was vetoed by the governor. The indicated election of a dry governor this time makes the anti-liquor legislation certain.

"In the other four states which voted dry the people voted directly on the dry issue."

Editorial Comment.

St. Louis saved the "wets" in Missouri by rolling up a tremendous majority. Kansas City and the county in which it is located, voted "dry." The Kansas City Star comments editorially as follows:

"Booze got a tremendous blow yesterday. It was excluded from territory more extensive than that of some of the great nations of Europe. But most significant of all was the break in the ranks of the big industrial states. Michigan went dry!

"The liquor interests centered their warmest fight in that state. It was estimated they spent upwards of one million dollars there. Long ago they conceded among themselves that they could not hold the states of the West and South. The South would eventually all become dry by the votes of the whites, who realized that, for self-protection, they must put booze beyond reach of the negro population, and the South is now almost solidly dry. The Western states, with the majority of population living outside the cities, were certain to join the rapidly widening dry territory. The great manufacturing states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio, with their big factory cities, were the legitimate kingdom of John Barleycorn, and there was not a dry state in this region except Maine. The brewers and distillers realized that if this territory should be broken into by the drys their business would begin to totter, because capital would become frightened and withdraw its investments from breweries and distilleries. It was a hot fight in Michigan, therefore. The drys got a powerful ally in Billy Sunday. In the last eight weeks he gave his famous booze sermon in twenty different cities of Michigan. The outcome shows that the industrial states will now be falling in line with the farming states to exclude liquor."

God's Country and The Woman—Page Six

FOR RELAXATION READ BLADE FICTION

The Son of Tarzan Page Three

ARREST MASTER SPY; IS CHARGED WITH EXTORTION

Karl Armgaard Graves Alleged to Have Attempted to Extort $3,000 From Countess von Bernstorff.

Karl Armgaard Graves, a self styled international spy and magazine writer, was arrested in Washington, Nov. 11 by agents of the department of justice and charged with attempting to extort $3,000 from Countess von Bernstoff, wife of the German ambassador, by threatening to publish letters "alleged to contain matter showing her infirmities and failings."

Officials of the embassy also allege that Graves had in his possession what apparently were confidential coded diplomatic dispatches from the German government to Count von Bernstoff.

The prisoner told the federal agents he obtained all the documents from persons who smuggled them past the British censors on the steamship Oscar II. The warrant upon which he was arraigned and held on $2,000 bail for a further hearing this week, charges him also with bringing into the district of Columbia letters stolen in Hoboken, N. J., where the Oscar II docks.

Objects to Blackmail.

In a statement after his arraignment at which he entered a plea of not guilty, Graves asserted that he had no intention of blackmailing the countess, that he objected to the use of the word blackmail, and that the papers he had in his possession were "purely diplomatic" in character.

Much interest was aroused in official quarters at the indirect exposure of the manner in which persons and officials in Germany apparently are avoiding the British censorship in communicating with the German embassy here.

The arrest of Graves furnished a dramatic conclusion to negotiations which had been in progress for a week between him and Prince Hatzfeldt, counsellor of the German embassy. Graves is said to have gone to Washington recently and called at the embassy. He was known there as the man who had published widely what he alleged to be important secrets of the German war office and the Hohenzollerns. He also was known as a man who previously had described himself as a member of the German secret service, and later as an employe in foreign fields of the British foreign office. "The master spy" he called himself.

Letter to Countess.

Officials allege that upon entering the office of Prince Hatzfeldt he made it known that he had in his possession the papers which brought about his arrest. One letter which he exhibited was to the Countess von Bernstoff from her son, an officer in the German army. He said, according to statements made by federal officials, that he had other letters that would prove "embarrassing" for the countess should they be published.

The official dispatches were said to be useless to him for the reason that he could not decipher them. He is alleged to have asked $3,000 in cash if he delivered the papers. He also is alleged to have asked Prince Hatzfeldt to prepare and sign a statement that the money had been paid for services rendered the German government.

Embassy officials said Graves threatened to turn over some of the documents to White House officials if the $3,000 was not forthcoming.

The letters showed no postmarks and officials of the embassy were convinced that they had been obtained in some manner from a confidential messenger. Prince Hatzfeldt promised to take the matter under consideration. Federal officials declare Graves gave Prince Hatzfeldt a certain time within which he was to comply with his conditions.

Prince Hatzfeldt communicated with the district attorney's office as soon as Graves left his office. Another meeting was arranged, and Nov. 10 Graves telegraphed from New York that he would present himself later in the day. Prince Hatzfeldt put $3,000 into an envelope and with two agents of the department of justice went to his home here to await Graves. He failed to make his appearance, however.

The next day Graves called the embassy and requested an appointment with Prince Hatzfeldt at his home. A few hours later he arrived there and conversed with the counsellor for half an hour. One federal agent was hiding behind a door in the room. Another was in the street outside. A police detective was nearby.

Papers Confiscated.

It is said that Prince Hatzfeldt showed Graves the $3,000 and that the latter said he would go to his hotel and get some of the documents he did not have with him. Leaving the house he walked into the arms of a federal agent and was taken to the department of justice, where for hours he was examined by A. Bruce Bielaski, in charge of the bureau of investigation, and his assistants. At the end of the examination Mr. Bielaski swore out a warrant. All the papers in Graves' possession were taken from him.

The warrant is made out on two counts. One charges attempt to extort, penalty for which is five years' imprisonment or a fine of $1,000 or both. The other charges that Graves brought into the District of Columbia letters obtained by theft, the penalty for this offense being nearly as severe as for the first one.

HERE'S FIRST CONGRESSWOMAN

Montana claims the honor of electing the first congresswoman in the history of the United States. She is Miss Jeannette Rankin of Missoula who won from Harry B. Mitchell, her Democratic opponent.

"Laws of this country need the refining hand of woman," Miss Rankin says, "and I am going to do my best to see that it is provided. Equal suffrage is the main thing and if I have my way all the women in all the states will be accorded the ballot."

The general impression in Missoula is that congress is in for a lively time.

Miss Rankin's platform is: National woman suffrage, child welfare, tariff revision, prohibition for state and nation and greater publicity in congressional records.

Though an expert in politics, Miss Rankin can never be accused of being masculine in her tastes. She makes her own clothes, trims her hats and is an excellent cook. She is small, slight, and very pretty, with light brown hair. Also she is a graduate of the University of Montana and the School of Philanthropy, New York city.

Battle Lines 4,000 Miles

The length of battle lines in Europe, Asia Minor, and Africa now approximates 4,000 miles, the equivalent of one-sixth of the earth's surface. It includes fronts in France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Rumania, Macedonia, Albania, the Caucasus, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Tripoli and East Africa.

Knitting Canes Latest.

"Knitting canes" are quite the latest. A chintz bag on one's walking stick is as necessary as the stick itself to be quite proper in the social colony at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

AMERICAN COUNTERFEIT COIN IS BEING SENT TO MEXICO

Counterfeit American money is being made in Cuba and being sent to Vera Cruz, Mexico, where it is being readily disposed of on account of the lack of faith in Mexican paper money and the respect for the value of American money.

Just Think! Long Lost Pillotherium Is Back

Grand Rat of Stonehatchet Times Is Here at Last.

The American Museum of Natural History was all worked up recently over having acquired a pillotherium.

Pillotheriums are quite rare nowadays, although they were familiar objects on the American landscape in the days of Mr. and Mrs. Stonehatchet and their neighbors.

The one whose fossil skeleton afforded so much delight to the museum's department of vertebrae paleontology hopped around the plains of New Mexico and Colorado about 3,000,000,000 years ago.

Just imagine a great big rat—a rat as big as a bear—and you will have a fair picture of what the pillotherium looked like in the eyes of the Stonehatchet family.

Hitherto only fragments of the pillotherium's skeleton has been found. These are in the collection at Yale university. Walter Granger, of the Museum of Natural History, dug up this complete assemblage of bones during his recent exploring trip in the southwest.

SENATORS ELECTED

*Arizona	Henry A. Ashurst	(D)
Arkansas	William F. Kirby	(D)
California	Hiram W. Johnson	(R-P)
*Connecticut	Geo. P. McLean	(R)
Delaware	Joshiah O. Wolcott	(D)
Florida	Park Trammell	(D)
Indiana—		
Long term	Harry S. New	(R)
Short term	James E. Watson	(R)
Maine	Frederick Hale	(R)
	(Elected September 11.)	
Maine	Bert M. Fernald	(R)
	(Elected September 11.)	
Maryland	Joseph I. France	(R)
*Massachusetts	Henry C. Lodge	(R)
*Michigan	Charles E. Townsend	(R)
Minnesota	Frank B. Kellogg	(R)
*Montana	Henry L. Myers	(R)
*Missouri	James A. Reed	(D)
*Mississippi	John Sharp Williams	(D)
*Nebraska	G. M. Hitchcock	(D)
*Nevada	Key Pittman	(D)
North Dak.	Porter J. McCumber	(R)
N. J.	Jos. E. Freylinghuysen	(R)
New Mexico	A. A. Jones	(D)
New York	Wm. M. Calder	(R)
*Ohio	Atlee Pomerene	(D)
Pennsylvania	Philander C. Knox	(R)
Utah	William H. King	(D)
Rhode Island	Peter Goelet Gerry	(D)
Tennessee	H. D. McKellar	(D)
*Texas	Chas. A. Culbertson	(D)
*Vermont	Carroll S. Page	(R)
*Virginia	Claude A. Swanson	(D)
*Washington	Miles Poindexter	(R)
West Virginia	Howard Sutherland	(R)
*Wisconsin	R. M. LaFallotte	(R)

*Indicates re-election.

PLANT GROWTH AIDED BY STEAM PIPES IN GROUND

English investigators have found that heating soil with steam pipes before planting seeds increases the food value, and that plants raised therein blossom earlier and produce more and better crops.

What Women Do

The work to which French women have mostly taken since the war is food industries, textiles and the metal trades, but many also are working in rubber and at sackmaking.

WILSON WILL NOT CONTROL LOWER HOUSE

Democrats Have No Majority In House of Representatives: Independents Hold Balance of Power.

Washington and the nation are due to witness legislative fireworks during the second term of President Wilson. On the face of the congressional election returns, the proverbial "monkey and parrot" affair, the controversy of the "Kilkenny cats" and the Donnybrook fair will pale into insignificance as tests of skill and belligerence beside the battles of the Sixty-Fifth congress.

With Democratic control of the senate safely assured, the lower house will be the big battleground. The question of organization of the next house is a potent subject of conversation in Washington. On the surface the Democrats have one more member than the Republicans, having won out in New Mexico, making the count, Democrats 216, Republicans 215, with a Progressive protectionist from Louisiana, a Progressive from Minnesota, a Socialist from New York and a Prohibitionist from California to be counted on.

The Democrats expect that a recount in the third New Jersey district will re-elect Thomas J. Scully and that they will also gain in the 21st Pennsylvania district, where W. E. Tobias claims that the complete figures, with the soldier vote, will give him the election.

New Lineup in Senate.

In the senate the Republicans cut down the Democratic majority of 16 to 12, leaving the Democrats 54, and the Republicans 42 members.

Hiram Johnson, militant Progressive of California, is counted by the Republicans as a gain, but the former governor is expected to become a second La Follette, so far as voting is concerned, when he reaches the floor of the senate.

The defeat of Senator Kern in Indiana will force a new lineup of the Democratic organization in the senate, and Senators Martin of Virginia, and Walsh of Montana, Simmons of North Carolina, and Oscar Underwood of Alabama, are already mentioned as possible successors to the defeated Democratic floor leader.

The house, according to the latest returns, will be divided politically as follows:

	R.	D.
Alabama	..	10
Arizona	..	1
Arkansas	..	7
California	5	6
Colorado	1	3
Connecticut	4	1
Delaware	..	1
Florida	..	4
Georgia	..	12
Idaho	2	..
Illinois	21	6
Indiana	9	4
Iowa	11	..
Kansas	3	5
Kentucky	2	9
Louisiana	..	7
Maine	4	..
Massachusetts	11	4
Maryland	2	4
Michigan	12	1
Minnesota	8	1
Mississippi	..	8
Missouri	2	14
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	3	3
New Hampshire	2	..
Nevada	1	..
New Jersey	9	3
New Mexico	..	1
New York	26	16
North Carolina	..	10
North Dakota	3	..
Ohio	9	13
Oklahoma	2	6
Oregon	3	..
Pennsylvania	30	6
Rhode Island	2	1
South Carolina	..	7
South Dakota	2	1
Tennessee	2	8
Texas	..	18
Utah	..	2
Vermont	2	..
Virginia	1	9
Washington	4	1
West Virginia	4	2
Wisconsin	11	..
Wyoming	1	..
	—	—
Totals	215	216

Others—Louisiana, 1 Progressive; Massachusetts, 1 Independent; Minnesota, 1 Progressive; New York, 1 Socialist.

With the Independents holding the balance of power the re-election of Champ Clark as speaker is in doubt. A coalition of the opposition votes will defeat him, and possibly result in the election of James R. Mann, minority floor leader in the last congress, which would give the opposition the choicest committee chairmanships.

SHORT ENDS OF NEWS

SECRETARY of State Lansing announced last week that the Austrian government has named Count De Tarnow-Tarnovski ambassador to the United States, and that he has been accepted by this government.

The American steamer Columbian, which was shelled by a German submarine on Nov. 8 off the Portuguese, was attacked after she had disregarded a signal to stop, according to a dispatch to Madrid. She probably escaped.

The production of oil in Oklahoma is lower now than at any time since 1914, when the Cushing field was inundating things in general.

The French minister of finance has introduced a bill in the chamber of deputies appropriating for the first three months of 1914, $1,700,000,000 for general purposes, including the war.

Nearly 50 lives were lost in Boston on Nov. 7 when a trolley car, heavily laden, plunged through the open draw of an extension bridge into Fort Point channel.

The United States Steel corporation reported unfilled orders on its books of Oct. 1 last, of 10,015,260 tons.

Property loss of $250,000 was estimated when a fire destroyed seven buildings, including a small hotel and storage warehouse, at Far Rockaway, N. Y., last week.

Field Marshal Viscount French, commander-in-chief of the British home forces, believes that the war is approaching a climax. It will be reached either in the winter or next spring.

German casualities since the beginning of the war, reported in German official lists, total, 3,755,693 officers and men, according to an official British compilation. Of this total 910,234 were killed

President Wilson attended the christening of the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre at Williamstown, Mass., on Nov. 10.

Four Democratic newspapermen were elected to state offices in Ohio. They are Governor-elect Cox, Lieut.-Gov.-elect Bloom, State Treasurer Bryan and State Auditor Donahey.

Charles Noel Flagg, widely known as an artist and portrait painter, was found dead in bed at his home in Hartford, Conn., on Nov. 10.

Entente allied forces have occupied the arsenal and island of Leros, one of the Sporades, off the coast of Asia Minor.

The Swedish Academy of Science has decided not to distribute the 1916 Nobel prizes for physics and chemistry. The Nobel peace prize will not be awarded this year either but will be added to next year's award.

The Clyde line freight steamer Chippewa, bound from Jacksonville, Fla., for Boston, struck a rock and sank at the western entrance of the Cape Cod canal on Nov. 10.

According to a Hague dispatch the Princess Juliana, only child of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, is confined to her bed with symptoms of fever.

A delegation of prominent Poles has called upon the German chancellor and informed him that a Polish army would be raised to fight for Germany in recognition of the freeing of Poland.

Danny Maher, American jockey, died in London on Nov. 9 after a lingering illness which caused his retirement from the turf three years ago.

According to Vienna dispatch, Dr. Constantin Dumba, former Austrian ambassador to the United States, died on Nov. 7.

Denton T. (Cy) Young, famous baseball player who ran for treasurer of Tuscarawas county in Ohio, was buried in the Democratic landslide in that state.

Six and a half tons of silver bullion from the San Francisco mint were unloaded at New London, Conn., for shipment across the ocean on the German merchant submarine Deutschland.

According to an admiralty official statement recently made, an Austrian submarine and an Italian destroyer were sunk in a duel on the night of Oct. 16.

Joe Cannon, former Republican speaker of the House of Representatives, has been elected to congress from an Illinois district.

Two lives were lost when the liner Arabia was torpedoed by a submarine last week according to an official statement issued by the British admiralty.

Wu Ting Fang has been appointed Chinese minister of foreign affairs. He was Chinese minister to Washington for several years.

A battle between 250 Industrial Workers of the World and a sheriff's posse resulted in the death of six men and the wounding of 50 at Everett, Wash., last week. The I. W. W. members attempted to land in Everett from steamer from Seattle.

Former Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii is reported to be fatally ill at her palace in Honolulu. She is suffering from ailments due to advanced age.

Latest returns from the Cuban election indicate that President Menocal's majority is increasing, and that his election over his Liberal opponent is practically assured.

Cardinal Francis Della Volpt, 72 years old, died in Rome last week.

ILLINOISAN, AT AGE OF 78, TURNS BACK FLIP-FLOPS

J. P. Roles, of Fisher, Ill., celebrated his seventy-eighth birth anniversary by turning "flip-flops" as has been his custom for the last 30 years. Some friends, doubting the aged acrobat's ability to perform the feat this year, assembled at his residence, where he went through his annual performance.

Overcome Your Catarrh

Asthma, The Grip, Head Noises, etc.

BORROW This Wonder

Send Your Name and Address—No Money—Prove to Yourself—Without Cost, This Wonderful Method.

"You Can Feel It Heal."

SENT TO YOU PREPAID

Catarrh dulled my mind, affected my hearing—my eyesight. I couldn't taste nor smell. I had no appetite—lost weight—became discouraged. I cured myself—got rid of the disgusting hawking and spitting, banished my aggravating cough, soothed, healed the sore, inflamed mucous membranes. Now my hearing is excellent; my senses of smell and taste are normal. I have a good appetite. I can read finest print without glasses. I am well, happy—free from catarrh. My friends had catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness, head noises. I loaned my Treatment to them. It cured them.

My Treatment is new, different. There is nothing to swallow or rub on; no spray, atomizer or nasal douche—just a safe, sane, sensible Treatment that shows immediate results. If you are a sufferer, I want you to borrow my Treatment. The trial is free. Send for one today. Get relief—just send your name and address—no money— and I will mail it to you on 5 days' free trial, and if you are perfectly satisfied, you are to send me the fair price I ask for it.

I know you will say it is the most wonderful thing you ever tried, because it acts almost like magic, so quickly will it clear your head, nose and throat—stop the coughing, hawking and spitting—help overcome the terrible wheeze and spasm of asthma—take inflammation out of the mucous membranes, relieve pressure in the inner ear, overcome head noises. You can hear better, see better and will feel better. My Treatment will help you avoid the grip, chronic bronchitis and other serious conditions caused by catarrh.

My treatment is one of the handiest, most effective and certain methods ever devised for catarrh in the head, nose, ears and throat. Send me your name and address—no money. Learn by actual demonstration—get free proof. Convince yourself. Don't delay—send today.

USE THIS COUPON

E. Ahearn, 102 N. Fifth Ave., Suite 279, Chicago.

I should like to borrow your Treatment without cost for the trial.

Name .....

Address .....

....

GLOOM SETTLES OVER YEARNERS

Result of National Election Puts Suffrage Amendment in Cold Storage.

Leaders of the congressional union for woman suffrage were keenly disappointed at the result of the national election. Instead of bright prospects for early passage of the federal constitutional amendment for equal suffrage, as was expected if there had been a general Republican victory, suffrage leaders here are resigned to another hard fight before hoping for substantial progress toward national votes for women.

The failure of the "four million women voters" to throw the Pacific states to Hughes has greatly chagrined suffrage headquarters. This already has resulted in talk of turning almost entirely to the east in their efforts to gain the power necessary to the constitutional amendment.

Mrs. Helena Hill Weed, research chairman of the congressional union, however, declined to concede that the women had failed entirely to "exert the balance of power" in the west. She claimed it was the women's vote that gave Illinois and Oregon to Hughes.

Blames Republican Leader.

The Republican party was charged with being responsible for California, the suffrage stronghold, casting its electoral vote for President Wilson.

"The women in California voted for Hughes," said Mrs. Weed.

"The Democrats carried that state simply because Hughes refused to support the Johnson-Progressive branch of the party. The Johnson followers, therefore, cast their votes for Wilson."

"We were in the campaign for selfish motives," said Miss Alice Paul, a member of the national board of the National Woman's Party. "Our purpose was to make the enfranchisement of women an issue. We claim we have succeeded to such an extent that the matter will come before congress at the next joint session regardless of which political party is in power and will be voted upon favorably.

Women Claim 34 Votes.

"Grantingthe Democrats all they claim to date, the women have swung 34 out of a possible 91 electoral votes into the Hughes column. We are making no claim to any part of California's 13 votes."

"If President Wilson had not opposed the constitutional amendment he would have had no difficulty of re-election," Miss Paul declared.

"We made our greatest efforts in Illinois, Oregon and California."

MACHINE TO STRIP HEMP FIBRE INVENTED BY YANKEE

A machine for stripping hemp fibre has been invented by an American in the Philippines which will produce 600 pounds of hemp a day, while under old methods a workman with an assistant produced only 15 pounds.

My Offer of Recent Date in Toledo Weekly Blade

Brings So Much Joy

In a recent issue of Toledo Weekly Blade I made the following offer: that I would give Catarrh Treatments absolutely free of charge to be distributed among the readers of Toledo Weekly Blade. That offer has been received with so much satisfaction, so many grateful letters have come to me from it, that my heart is filled with joy.

Therefore, I have decided to repeat the offer and am making this announcement. I will give away, absolutely free of charge, 250 more Catarrh treatments. My method of treatment I believe to be one of the best that was ever formulated for Catarrh and allied ailments. The method has cured hundreds of suffering ones, after everything else has failed. Now, Reader, this is your chance. ALL YOU have got to do is to write for this treatment and see it for yourself.

Listen to these grateful words: "My nose cleared, my foul breath left me, the continual succession of colds, the crusts in my nose, that bad taste in the mouth mornings, the dull headachy feeling in my forehead, the constant desire to clear my throat, all these vanished. They all went, one by one, some faster, some slower, but all equally sure. I once more have that joyous, lively feeling, same as I had in the glad days of youth, free from all care and pain." Wouldn't you like to be in that happy condition?

A PRESENT FOR YOU

Remember, I make this offer of a free gift, wholly from my desire to do you good. I want no money for it; you will be under no obligation to me whatsoever.

Now, Reader, this is the opportunity of a lifetime; let it slip and you may never have such another again. Don't neglect it, just write today. Send a postal card or your full name and address in a letter, and you will have one of these famous Threefold treatments by return mail.

Address Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

Some Prices That Are Aeroplaning

"Going up" seems the slogan of the times. For many weeks, almost each day has brought forth a new item for the high cost of living list. Here are a few:

BREAD—

Another advance in the price of bread has been announced by Chicago bakers. Loaves which formerly sold for 10 cents each now cost hotels and restaurants 12½c and the smaller buyers 13 cents.

NEWSPAPERS—

The high cost of print paper and other material was given as a basis for a decision of the five New York Jewish dailies to raise the price of their newspapers from one cent to two cents.

SAUERKRAUT

Cabbage prices are so high at present that many makers of sauerkraut in western Pennsylvania declare their intention of curtailing production until values come down. One Pittsburgh maker announced he will raise the price of all kraut in stock $5 a cask and make no more for the present.

WOMEN'S IDEAS—

Despite high prices there is a notable preference among women shoppers for the more expensive merchandise, according to a canvass of the principal department stores of New York City, made by a trade paper. It was also found that the retailers are doing unusually large business for this season of the year.

BEANS—

The bean bag, which for many years has been a feature of play in the public schools of the country, is today the latest victim of high prices. A bean bag maker proposes to the Chicago board of education to substitute cherry pits for the old-fashioned navy bean in the making of bags.

Others Find Relief in Lubriol

Why Don't You Try It?

We realize as well as you do that there is no royal road to health. Different people often require different kinds of treatment for the same ills. But when it comes to headaches, nausea, stomach sickness, insomnia, liver and kidney troubles, doctors often trace the cause to auto intoxication induced by neglect of the bowels—and they prescribe white mineral oil for relief of such sufferers. If you are troubled with any of these disabilities the course is clear to you—white mineral oil will get at the very base of your woes—and the purest, most effective form of white mineral oil is

Trade-Mark.

Lubriol

Don't imagine that drugs and cathartics are going to help you. Beside Lubriol these are worse than nothing at all. Why? Because Lubriol restores the bowels to natural, easy, healthful action, while the good effects of drugs and cathartics are only temporary. Then, too, drugs and cathartics often saturate the system and become habitual, forming habits that many find worse than the original trouble. But Lubriol is a restorative. It restores the system to happiness. It works up to the effect after eliminating the cause. That is why doctors are so enthusiastic over the white mineral oil treatment. No matter how much you suffer, no matter how far your illness has progressed, you have not tried Lubriol if you despair. Try it—what Lubriol has done for so many others it should do for you. Lubriol's splendid advantage to the human race is that every user seems to benefit by it. Young, old, babies, aged men and women, find it a boon.

Now, what is your trouble? You don't sleep? You have headaches Your digestion is bad? Pains in the joints or chronic dullness? The chances are that auto-intoxication is the cause. If so, constipation is the menace. Then you need Lubriol, you need it now, before matters get worse. "A stitch in time saves nine." Check the inroads of disease. Stop it short, get back to health and happiness. Send for a bottle of Lubriol.

Lubriol is tasteless and odorless.

It is pleasant to take.

You can buy Lubriol direct from the makers at 75 cents a pint bottle, shipped postpaid and guaranteed against breakage. The editor of the Toledo Weekly Blade attests to the soundness of the Lubriol Laboratories' financial standing. Once you have tried Lubriol it will be a permanent institution in your home. Send for a bottle.

The Lubriol Laboratories

1439 Nicholas Building. Toledo, Ohio

GIVE FARM BOY SOMETHING TO BOSS, SAYS KANSAS GOVERNOR

Governor Copper of Kansas has a plan for keeping boys happy and busy on the farm. He says:

On the farm, in my opinion, we have the finest training ground in the world for creating the sturdiest, happiest, best and most truly successful and efficient type of manhood, womanhood and citizenship.

As one who has known and watched many boys, who has had hundreds of boys and young men work for him, and has seen what a miracle the right sort of encouragement works in boy nature, I almost feel like congratulating the father who has his boy or his boys on a farm.

To be happy and contented, a healthy, vigorous boy must have some sort of purpose or interest in life, the same as a man. He must work to an end. He must accomplish something for himself. He must boss something.

You can, of course, command him to work from boyhood to manhood for his board and clothes, and he will render service grudgingly or otherwise, until, prompted by his unsatisfied boyish longing to plan and do something for himself, to achieve some results with benefit to himself, he will either jump at the first opportunity to escape from so humdrum an existence, or make his own opportunity, to leave the place. And once he goes, you are not likely to get him back on the farm again.

Don't blame him for this feeling; it is to his credit, it is proof of the good stuff in him, though the chances are if he leaves that he is making a great mistake, and sooner or later will realize it.

There is just one sort of encouragement that will get him over his perilous stage of his development.

Give him a personal interest in his work.

Give him something to do beside simply obeying orders.

Give him something to handle and manage on the farm in his own way, a piece of ground, an animal or two, or some side line of the farm and put him on his metal for the outcome or the income, give him a substantial personal share in the resulting profit or increase should there be any.

Boys should be encouraged to follow their bents and develop the faculties that rise to the surface in them. The wise father will acquaint himself with these faculties in his boys. For the rest he will be patient, forbearing and charitable in regard to their mistakes, and he will find, perhaps sooner than he expects to, that he has a cheerful, interested, ambitious lot of boys on the place.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

FOR READERS OF THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Go over them each week and write to advertisers whose proposition interests you. Say you saw the ad in the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Over One Million Persons See These Little Ads Every Week.

CHARGE FOR SPACE—75 cents per agate line (count six words to a line). Send cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines nor more than forty-two lines. Advertisements that reach us Tuesday morning will appear in issue of that week.

Only Reliable Advertisements Printed.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Motormen, conductors, $80 monthly, interurbans everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Qualify now. State age. Booklet free. Add. Box K-146, care Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

We will pay you $75 per month to travel, collect names, advertise and distribute samples. Expenses advanced. Write today. Stanton Co., 205 Pope Bldg., Chicago.

No strike. 8-hour day. Men everywhere. Firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, $120. Colored porters. Experience unnecessary. 797, Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Make Large Annual Income with a small mail order business; send for our free booklet; tells how. Niagara, Box 668, Lockport, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

A rare opportunity; comfortable living; home sewing; plain clothes seams; any sewing machine; steady; no canvassing; no trifiers wanted; samples 10c; returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing. Tel. Rehoboth, Del.

Ladies to sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good pay, nice work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 25, Walnut st., Phila., Pa.

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $25 to $50 per week; railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 61, Omaha, Neb.

HELP WANTED.

Thousands men and women wanted for government jobs; $75 month. Steady work, short hours, common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. R-31, Rochester, N. Y.

$25 weekly collecting names and addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W. 57, Baltimore, Md.

FARM LANDS.

Landless Men—Ten acres means independence. Excellent tracts for poultry, truck, fruit; near town; best county in Michigan. Only $250; $5 down, $4 monthly. Also general farming lands. Write for free literature. Swigart Land Co., S-1252 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Productive lands, Crop payment or easy terms; along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 222, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Colorado needs 10,000 general farmers, dairymen, stock, poultry and hog raisers; good markets, fine climate, schools, churches. Agricultural and industrial map free. Write State Board of Immigration, 51 Capitol Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Small Missouri Farm, $10 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, C-105, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Profitable little farms in Valley of Virginia, 5 and 10-acre tracts $250 and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. W. H. LaBaume, Agr. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 208 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Free—320-acre Montana homesteads, circular free. Information Bureau 83, Boulder, Mont.

PATENT ATTORNEYS.

"Patents and Patent Possibilities" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Pill, 946 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

Men of ideas and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions" patent buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 57, Washington, D. C.

Invent something. It may bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Waters & Co., succeeded by Talbert & Parker, 4318 Warder Bldg., Washington, D.C.

HORTICULTURAL.

Make your hens lay. Try Mann's Green Bone Cutter. Cuts fresh, raw bones, with adhering meat and gristle. Raises egg supply two to four times. Thousands are using it. Our free book explains system. Machine sold on 10 days' free trial. Write F. W. Mann Co., Box 516, Milford, Mass.

AGENTS.

One thousand dollars reward if this is not the greatest money-making household proposition. N. R. G. Little Wizard Labor Saver washes clothes in 10 minutes, without rubbing. Contains no lime, lye, paraffin wax or other injurious chemical and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. Nothing like it on the market. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 15c, enough for 5 family washings. We supply one free sample with each package you buy and guarantee the sale of same. Just leave the free sample with the housewife, and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. Secure territorial rights at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk C-224, 140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Every home, on farm, in small town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal oil) mantle lamp; five times as bright as electric; tested and recommended by government and 34 leading universities; awarded gold medal; one farmer cleared over $500 in 6 weeks; hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month; no capital required; we furnish goods on time to reliable men; write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 643 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Stop here—just out—Eisen Regulator for Ford headlights. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Gives splendid driving light at low speed; keeps bulbs from burning out; works entirely automatically. Needed on every Ford. Big profits quick. Listen: Hopkins, Tenn., cleared $16.20 first day. White, Michigan, $134 one week. No experience or capital needed. We show you how; sales guaranteed. Hurry—don't delay. Write now for special information. Address Eisen Instrument Co., 335 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

I have a splendid proposition for men and women canvassers who want to earn $5.00 a day and over. I pay 500 per cent profit on an article that looks and is worth $2.00, but you can sell for 50 cents in every other home you solicit. Exclusive territory to first applicants. Address Post Office Drawer 76, Buffalo, N. Y.

152% profit to agents. Why pay $20 to $35 for check protector? Our machine carried in vest pocket. Perforates and inks. Complies with the law. Send $1 for sample. BEAR CHECK PROTECTOR CO., P. O. Box 194, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Snappiest household line on earth. Red hot sellers; steady repeaters; 100% profit; 250 light weight, fast selling, popular priced necessities. Agents outfit free. Get busy, quick. Write today; postal will do. American Products Co., 9471 3rd st., Cincinnati, O.

Earn $50 to $100 monthly distributing Parker hosiery to repeat customers in home town at mill prices; all or spare time. Protected territory. Credit. S. Parker Mills, 2737 No. 12th st., Phila., Pa.

Large manufacturer wants representatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Reliable agent wanted. Marvelous new sickness, accident, death insurance. Box 831-A, Chicago.

FOR SALE FARMS.

A Richmond (Virginia) suburban farm home of five acres of rich level land with beautiful new cottage and outhouses; will yield $1,500 a year in truck, poultry and fruit. Salubrious climate the year round. Few hundred yards of deep water, but well elevated, and only few minutes to city. Only $325 cash, and balance ($1,650) like rent, monthly or yearly (5 years). Less than cost of city lot. At your door are excellent markets, good neighbors, churches and schools. A delightful home and excellent investment in the SOUTHLAND. Richmond has a population of 170,000. Employment in city. Write for our free literature on choice Virginia farms. Address K. T. Crawley, Industrial Agent, Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Room 526, Richmond, Virginia.

For Sale—160 acres of finest farm-land in Michigan, near Caro; some woodland, balance under cultivation; very fertile and raises big crops; good buildings in excellent condition. For full description and terms write Frank Stamets, Caro, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Home milliners — package fancy feathers $1.25, worth more than double. Mrs. K. C. Gaede, De Funiak Springs, Florida.

FARMS WANTED.

Farms Wanted—Have 7,000 buyers; describe your unsold property. 414 Farmers Exchange, Denver, Colo.

HEIRS WANTED.

HEIRS

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for descriptive circular. INTERNATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY, 9, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Write for How to Obtain a Patent. List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., 758 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

D'ANNUNZIO TO WIN SECOND BRAVERY MEDAL

Gabrielle D'Annunzio is again in the spotlight for bravery in air action. General Count Cadorna, commander-in-chief of the Italian armies, has proposed the poet's name for a second medal for bravery.

Stop Tobacco **EASY TO QUIT** is a harmless, effective treatment for Cigarette, tobacco and snuff habits. Can be given without patient's knowledge in coffee, tea or other drink. Odorless, tasteless, purely vegetable. Send name and address for trial treatment in plain wrapper **FREE** Treatment inexpensive. Send no money. Write NOW!

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MUTT AND JEFF Anybody Can Get an Overcoat That Way

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"BUD" FISHER

I'VE BEEN TRYING FOR TWO WEEKS TO GET AN OVERCOAT AND BY GOLLY I'M GONNA GET ONE TODAY. I KNOW HOW TO GET ONE TOO!
OF COURSE SOME PEOPLE MAY NOT APPROVE OF MY METHOD OF GETTING IT, BUT BY GUM I'M GONNAGET ONE TODAY THASSALL!
CLOTHING
HATS
WELL, MUTT, I FINALLY GOT A COAT!
AND QUITE SOME COAT TOO, CONSIDERABLE COAT. HOW DID YOU GET IT?
I BOUGHT IT!
HELP!

WORLD POLICIES AGAIN TO FRONT

American-Mexican Commission Resumes Its Parleys at Atlantic City.

With the American-Mexican commission resuming its deliberations at Atlantic City Nov. 10, there was a broad intimation in both state and war department circles that the American troops will not soon be withdrawn from Mexico.

Discussion of the American situation, which along with foreign relations, has been gently tabooed along the last days of the campaign will now be resumed.

This was forcast by an official statement at the state department that conditions both from an economic and military point of view are in bad shape in northern Mexico.

As Pershing's 12,000 troops are strung through the very country which Villa's activities menace, their withdrawal at this time, war department officials explain, would expose the American border to more attacks similar to the Columbus, N. M., massacre last March.

Not only Mexico, but America's interests as affected by the European war are now due for more serious consideration.

The state department is still awaiting information as to whether Germany's pledges to the United States in submarine warfare have been violated in the sinking of many of the numerous American merchantmen by submarines in the last few weeks. No definite information involving any breach of German promises yet has been received.

As regards relations with the entente allies, the next step by the United States will be a dispatch of a reply to the altogether unsatisfactory blacklist note received from Great Britain and France on the very eve of election.

Rubber in Brazil

The development of Amazon rubber on plantation lines is still in an experimental stage in Brazil. There is ony one plantation; it has 50,000 trees, now three years old.

TO MAKE U. S. A MISER NATION

Officers of Federal Reserve Purpos eto Hold All Gold Now in America.

Oficials of the federal reserve system and other men having dominant power in the American financial world have set about to make the United States "the miser nation."

They have laid plans for this government to hoard every dollar of gold that is now in this country. This, they say, is the only way to withstand efforts of European nations to draw gold from the United States after the European war is ended.

The first active steps toward this end will be taken shortly, when officials of the federal reserve system will hold three conferences of world-wide importance in Washington.

The federal reserve advisory council, consisting of one representative from each of the 12 reserve banks, will sit in Washington Nov. 20. J. P. Morgan is a member of this council.

The federal reserve agents, direct representatives of the government on the boards of 12 reserve banks, will meet Dec. 4.

The governors of the federal reserve banks will meet Dec. 15.

Each of these bodies will hold joint sessions with the federal reserve board at which ways and means of handling the gold situation will be determined.

HOOSIER TOWNS HAVE CURIOUS LIST OF NAMES

A statistical postal clerk has compiled a list of names of Indiana towns, showing that most of the nations and capitals of the world, as well as the large cities of the United States are namesakes for places in Hoosierdom.

Norway, Ireland, Scotland, English, Algiers, Honduras, Syria and Chili are samples of some of the countries represented in small towns. Paris, Hamburg, Rome, Benre and cities of the old world whose names are copied. Indiana also has towns named Boston, Newport, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Denver, Atlanta.

SEEKS SAFETY OF WILD FOWL

Hear Destruction of Great Bird Reservation in Oregon Is Threatened.

The destruction of one of the largest federal bird reservations in the United States is threatened, according to an announcement made by T. Gilbert Pearson of New York city, secretary of the National Association of Audubon societies.

The reservation threatened is at Lake Malheur, in southeastern Oregon, and is a breeding place for hundreds of thousands of wild ducks, wild geese and other water fowl.

Attracts Many Wild Fowl.

Application has been made to the federal government for permission to drain the lake in order to secure the land it covers. The lake is six miles wide by 15 miles long and is about six feet deep.

It supplies an ideal breeding place for wild water fowl, Mr. Pearson says, and therefore it attracts wild geese and ducks from Canada in large numbers. Its destruction, he declares, will leave thousands of young water fowl without a home.

Secretary Pearson has taken the matter up with the oficials of the general land ofice, which has promised to investigate. It is understood those who plan the destruction of the bird reservation have already secured the co-operation of the state land board of Oregon.

For that reason, Mr. Pearson regards the situation as imminent and believes it will require quick and earnest appeals to the secretary of the interior from those who believe in the protection of wild birds to prevent the destruction of the colony.

"There are about 5,000,000 guns in the United States," said Mr. Pearson, "and the only way to preserve our migratory game birds is to have these sanctuaries—areas in which they can never be killed under any circumstances."

Ruptured?—

Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rpture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am Yours very sincerely,

JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.
Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plough or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,
H. D. BANKS.

The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you.

Yours respectfully,
WM. PATTERSON.
No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, user in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money man buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your Appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner, our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months. Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Mr. C. E. BROOKS,
424 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

R. F. D..... City..... State.....

Wear Yellow Hose to Keep Skeeters Away

Scientists Say Festive Mosquito Abhors That Color.

A San Francisco dispatch states that scientists have found a color to balk the festive mosquito. Wear yellow and be immune from his attacks. United States marines agree with the scientists and say they are not troubled by mosquitoes in the Philippines because their khaki uniforms are yellow.

Next summer it is expected that socks and stockings of saffron hue will be strictly de rigueur. Crowds at summer resorts will resemble animated sunflowers and a yellow streak on the landscape will be a motor maniac getting a little speed out of his car.

All shades of yellow, presumably, are disliked by the mosquito, but there is apt to be a certain sameness in the hosiery seen at summer resorts. Furthermore, there are skeptics who hold that the mosquito is color blind. Still others want to know how a mosquito is going to tell whether you have on yellow socks or not when you are seated in the darkest corner of a hotel veranda whispering soft nothings to Miss Patricia Jones, society girl and banker's daughter, who is back in town merely Patsy Jones, expert saleslady in the glove department.

Peat Powder as Fuel

At the completion of exhaustive experiments covering several years Swedish railroad officials have decided that peat powder is an effiicient and practical fuel for locomotives, with a fuel value about two-thirds that of coal.

Tobacco Crop Trebled

While no exact figures are available, it is already apparent that the 1916 tobacco crop of the Dominican republic will be about three times larger than that of last year.

SYNOPSIS

PAULVITCH, the Russian, escapes from Africa to London, bringing with him Akut, the ape, Tarzan's friend. Tarzan's son, Jack Clayton, who has been kept in ignorance of his father's life, runs away with Akut to Africa after the ape has killed Paulvitch. There Akut kills an American crook, and the two flee into the jungle. Jeanne, little daughter of Captain Jacot of the Foreign Legion, has been stolen by Arabs, and Jenssen and Malbihn, two Swedes, recognize her in Meriem, supposed daughter of the sheik, and try to carry her off for the reward Jacot has offered. Jack quickly finds his place in the jungle, and meets his first lion while hunting with Akut.

Jack wins the title of Korak, the Killer, in many adventures. Both blacks and whites fear him and drive him away; so he turns to the great apes for companionship, only to be rejected once more. Sick at heart he chances upon the sheik's village in time to rescue Meriem from the anger of the sheik. Korak carries her to the jungle where the two join Akut.

Meriem learns to hunt with Korak and Akut. She is carried away by a strange ape, but is rescued by Korak who then discovers that he loves Meriem as a woman. Korak fights and whips another ape and is proclaimed king of apes. But he turns the kingship over to Akut and promises that he and Meriem will keep in close touch with the tribe. In a fight with blacks Korak is wounded and Meriem carried away. Korak wins gratitude of baboons when he rescues their king from the two Swedes. Entering the blacks' village to rescue Meriem, Korak fails after a hard fight. He leaves Meriem and returns to the jungle. The two Swedes dicker with Kovudoo for Meriem, telling him the sheik is dead and he can hope for no ransom for the return of the girl.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"It would only add to our troubles," replied the Swede. "No, Kovudoo, we do not wish her; though, if you wish to be rid of her, we will take her away because of our friendship for you."

Now, Kovudoo knew that he had made a sale. They wanted her. So he commenced to bargain, and in the end the person of Meriem passed from the possession of the black chieftain into that of the two Swedes in consideration of six yards of Amerikan, three empty brass cartridge shells and a shiny new jack-knife from New Jersey.

And all but Meriem were more than pleased with the bargain.

Kovudoo stipulated but a single condition, and that was that the Europeans were to leave his village and take the girl with them as early the next morning as they could get started. After the sale he did not hesitate to explain his reason for this demand. He told them of the strenuous attempt of the girl's savage mate to rescue her, and suggested that the sooner they got her out of the country the more likely they were to retain possession of her.

Meriem was again bound and placed under guard, but this time in the tent of the Swedes. Malbihn talked to her, trying to persuade her to accompany them willingly. He told her that they would return her to her own village; and when he discovered that she would rather die than go back to the old sheik, he assured her that they would not take her there—nor, as a matter of fact, they had any intention of so doing.

As he talked with the girl the Swede feasted his eyes upon the beautiful lines of her face and figure. She had grown tall and straight and slender toward maturity since he had seen her in the sheik's village on that long-gone day. For years she had represented to him a certain fabulous reward. In his thoughts she had been but the personification of the pleasures and luxuries that many francs would purchase.

Now as she stood before him, pulsing with life and loveliness, she suggested other seductive and alluring possibilities. He came closer to her and laid his hands upon her. The girl shrank from him. He seized her, and she struck him heavily in the mouth as he sought to kiss her.

Then Jenssen entered the tent.

"Malbihn!" he shouted. "You fool!"

Sven Malbihn released his hold upon the girl, and turned toward his companion. His face was red with mortification.

"What the devil are you trying to do?" growled Jenssen. "Would you throw away every chance for the reward? If we maltreat her we not only couldn't collect a sou, but they'd send us to prison for our pains. I thought you had more sense, Malbihn."

"I'm not a wooden man," growled Malbihn.

"You'd better be," rejoined Jenssen; "at least until we have delivered her over in safety and collected what will be coming to us."

"Oh, hell!" cried Malbihn. "What's the use? They'll be glad enough to have her back, and by the time we get there with her she" be only too glad to keep her mouth shut. Why not?"

"Because I say not," growled Jenssen. "I've always let you boss things, Sven; but here's a case where what I say has got to go—because I'm right and you're wrong, and we both know it."

"You're getting mighty virtuous all of a sudden," growled Malbihn. "Perhaps you think I've forgotten about the innkeeper's daughter, and little Celella, and that nigger at—"

"Shut up!" snapped Jenssen. "It's not a matter of virtue, and you are as well aware of that as I. I don't want to quarrel with you; but, so help me God, Sven, you're not going to harm this girl if I have to kill you to prevent it! I've suffered and slaved and been nearly killed forty times in the last nine or ten years, trying to accomplish what luck has thrown at our feet at last, and now I'm not going to be robbed of the fruits of success because you happen to be more of a beast than a man. Again I warn you, Sven—" and he tapped the revolver that swung in its holster at his hip.

Malbihn gave his friend an ugly look, shrugged his shoulders, and left the tent. Jenssen turned to Meriem.

"If he bothers you again call me," he said. "I shall always be somewhere near."

The girl had not understood the conversation that had been carried on by her two owners, for it had been in Swedish; but what Jenssen had just said to her in Arabic she understood, and from it grasped an excellent idea of what had passed between the two. The expressions upon their faces, their gestures, and Jenssen's final tapping of his revolver before Malbihn had left the tent had all been eloquent of the seriousness of their altercation.

Now toward Jenssen she looked for friendship, and with the innocence of youth she threw herself upon his mercy, begging him to set her free that she might return to Korak and her jungle life. But she was doomed to another disappointment, for the man only laughed and told her roughly that if she tried to escape she would be punished by the very thing that he had just saved her from.

All that night she lay listening for a signal from Korak. All about the jungle life moved through the darkness. To her sensitive ears came sounds that the others in the camp could not hear—sounds that she interpreted as we might interpret the speech of a friend, but not once came a single note that betokened the presence of Korak. But she knew that he would come. Nothing short of death itself could prevent her Korak from returning for her.

What delayed him, though?

When morning came again and the night had brought no succoring Korak, Meriem's faith and loyalty were still unshaken, though misgivings began to assail her as to the safety of her friend. It seemed unbelievable that serious mishap could have overtaken her wonderful Korak, who daily passed unscathed through all the terrors of the jungle. Yet morning came, the morning meal was eaten, the camp broken, and the disreputable safari of the Swedes was again on the move northward with still no sign of the rescue by Korak the girl momentarily expected.

All that day they marched, and the next and the next; nor did Korak even as much as show himself to the patient little waiter moving, silent and stately, beside her hard captors.

Malbihn remained scowling and angry. He replied to Jenssen's friendly advances in curt monosyllables. To Meriem he did not speak, but on several occasions she discovered him glaring at her from beneath half-closed lids—greedily. The look sent a shudder through her. She hugged Geeka closer to her breast, and doubly regretted the knife that they had taken from her when she was captured by Kovudoo.

It was on the fourth day that Meriem began definitely to give up hope. Something had happened to Korak. She knew it. He would never come now, and these men would take her away. Presently they would kill her. She would never see her Korak again.

On this day the Swedes rested, for they had marched rapidly and their men were tired. Malbihn and Jenssen had gone from camp to hunt, taking different directions.

They had been gone about an hour when the door of Meriem's tent was lifted and Malbihn entered. The look of a beast was on his face.

CHAPTER XV.

Bwana's Home.

With wide eyes fixed upon him, like a trapped creature horrified beneath the mesmeric gaze of a great serpent, the girl watched the approach of the man. Her hands were free, the Swedes having secured her with a length of ancient slave-chain fastened at one end to an iron collar padlocked about her neck and the other to a long stake driven deep into the ground.

Slowly Meriem shrank, inch by inch, toward the opposite end of the tent. Malbihn followed her. His hands were extended and his fingers half opened—clawlike—to seize her. His lips were parted and his breath came quickly, pantingly.

The girl recalled Jennsen's instructions to call him should Malbihn molest her; but Jennsen had gone into the jungle to hunt. Malbihn had chosen his time well.

Yet she screamed, loud and shrill, once, twice, a third time before Malbihn could leap across the tent and throttle her alarming cries with his brute fingers. Then she fought him, as any jungle she-thing might fight, with tooth and nail.

The man found her no easy prey. In that slender young body, beneath the rounded curves and the fine, soft skin, lay the muscles of a young lioness.

But Malbihn was no weakling. His character and appearance were brutal, nor did they belie his brawn. He was of giant stature and of giant strength. Slowly he forced the girl back upon the ground, striking her in the face when she hurt him badly either with teeth or nails. Meriem struck back, but she was growing weaker from the choking fingers at her throat.

Out in the jungle Jenssen had brought down two bucks. His hunting had not carried him far afield, nor was he prone to permit it to do so. He was suspicious of Malbihn. The very fact that his companion had refused to accompany him and elected instead to hunt alone in another direction, would not, under ordinary circumstances have seemed fraught; but Jennsen knew Malbihn well, and so, having secured meat, he turned immediately back toward camp, while his boys brought in the kill.

He had covered about half the return journey when a scream came faintly to his ears from the direction of camp. He halted to listen. It was repeated twice. Then silence.

With a muttered curse Jenssen broke into a rapid run. He wondered if he would be too late. What a fool Malbihn was, indeed, thus to chance jeopardizing a fortune!

Further away from camp than Jenssen, and upon the opposite side, another heard Meriem's screams — a stranger, who was not even aware of the proximity of white men other than himself—a hunter with a handful of sleek, black warriors.

He, too, listened intently for a moment. That the voice was that of a woman in distress he could not doubt, and so he also hastened at a run in the direction of the affrighted voice; but he was much further away than Jenssen, so that the latter reached the tent first.

What the Swede found there roused no pity within his calloused heart, only angry against his fellow-scroundrel. Meriem was still fighting off her attacker. Malbihn still was showering blows upon her.

Jenssen, streaming foul curses upon his erstwhile friend, burst into the tent. Malbihn, interrupted, dropped his victim and turned to meet Jenssen's infuriated charge.

He whipped a revolver from his hip. Jenssen, anticipating the lightning move of the other's hand, drew almost simultaneously, and both men fired at once.

Jenssen was still moving toward Malbihn at the time, but at the flash of the explosion he stopped. His revolver dropped from nerveless fingers. For a moment he staggered drunkenly. Deliberately Malbihn put two more bullets into his friend's body at close range.

Even in the midst of the excitement and her terror, Meriem found herself wondering at the tenacity of life which the hit man displayed. His eyes were closed, his head dropped forward upon his breast, his hands hung limply beside him. Yet still he stood there upon his feet, though he reeled horribly.

It was not until the third bullet had found it mark within his body that he lunged forward upon his face. Then Malbihn approached him and, with an oath, kicked him viciously. Then he returned once more to Meriem.

Again he seized her, and at the same instant the flaps of the tent opened silently and a tall white man stood in the aperture. Neither Meriem nor Malbihn saw the newcomer. The latter's back was toward him, while his body hid the stranger from Meriem's eyes.

He crossed the tent quickly, stepping over Jenssen's body. The first intimation Malbihn had that he was not to carry out his design without further interruption was a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

He wheeled to face an utter stranger—a tall, black-haired, gray-eyed stranger, clad in khaki and pith helmet. Malbihn reached for his gun again, but another hand had been quicker than his, and he saw the weapon tossed to the ground at the side of the tent—out of reach.

"What is the meaning of this?" The stranger addressed his question to Meriem in a tongue she did not understand. She shook her head and spoke in Arabic. Instantly the man changed his question to that language.

"These men are taking me away from Korak," panted the girl. "This one would have harmed me. The other, whom he has just killed, tried to stop him. They were both very bad men; but this one is the worse. If my Korak were here he would kill him. I suppose you are like them, so you will not kill him."

The stranger smiled. "He deserves killing," he said. "There is no doubt of that. Once I should have killed him; but not now. I will see, though, that he does not bother you any more."

He was holding Malbihn in a grasp the giant Swede could not break, though he struggled to do so; and he was holding him as easily as Malbihn might have held a little child, yet Malbihn was a huge man, mightily thewed. The Swede began to rage and curse. He struck at his captor, only to be twisted about and held at arms' length. Then he shouted to his boys to come and kill the stranger.

In response, a dozen strange blacks entered the tent. They, too, were powerful, clean-limbed men, not at all like the mangy crew that followed the Swedes.

"We have had enough foolishness," said the stranger to Malibihn. "You deserve death, but I am not the law. I know now who you are. I have heard of you before. You and your friend bear a most unsavory reputation. We do not want you in our country. I shall let you go this time; but should you ever return I shall take the law in my own hands. You understand?"

Malabihn blustered and threatened, finishing by applying a most uncomplimentary name to his captor. For this he received a shaking that rattled his teeth. Those who know, say that the most painful punishment that can be inflicted upon an adult male, short of injuring him, is a good old-fashioned shaking. Malbihn received such a shaking.

"Now get out," said the stranger, 'and next time you see me remember who I am," and he spoke a name in the Swede's ear—a name that more effectually subdued the scoundrel than many beatings. Then he gave him a push that carried him bodily through the tent doorway, to sprawl upon the turf beyond.

"Now,' he said, turning toward Meriem, "who has the key to this thing about your neck?"

The girl pointed to Jenssen's body. "He carried it always," she said.

The stranger searched the clothing on the corpse until he came upon the key. A moment more Meriem was free.

"Will you let me go back to my Korak?" she asked.

"I will see that you are returned to your people," the stranger replied. "Who are they, and where is their village?"

He had been eyeing her strange, barbaric garmenture wonderingly. From her speech she was evidently an Arab girl; but he had never before seen one thus clothed.

"Who are your people? Who is Korak?" he asked again.

"Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have no other people. Korak and I live in the jungle alone since A'ht went to be king of the apes." She had always thus pronounced Akut's name, for so it sounded to her when first she came with Korak and the ape. "Korak could have been king, but he would not.

A questioning expression entered the stranger's eyes. He looked at the girl closely.

"So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And what, pray, are you?"

"I am Meriem. I, also am an ape."

"H-m," was the stranger's only real comment upon this startling announcement; but what he thought might have been partially interpreted through the pitying light that entered his eyes. He approached the girl and started to lay his hand upon her forehead. She drew back with a savage little growl. A smile touched his lips.

"You need not fear me," he said. "I shall not harm you. I only wish to discover if you have fever—if you are entirely well. If you are, we will set forth in search of Korak."

Meriem looked straight into the keen, gray eyes. She must have found there an unquestionable assurance of the honorableness of their owner, for she permitted him to lay his palm upon her forehead and feel her pulse. Apparently she had no fever.

"How long have you been an ape?" asked the man.

"Since I was a little girl, many, many years ago, and Korak came and took me from my father, who was beating me. Since then I have lived in the trees with Korak and A'ht."

"Where in the jungle lives Korak?" asked the stranger.

Meriem pointed with a sweep of her hand that took in, generously half the continent of Africa.

"Could you find your way back to him?"

"I do not know," she replied; "but he will find his way to me."

"Then I have a plan," said the stranger. "I live but a few marches from here. I shall take you home, where my wife will look after you and care for you until we can find Korak, or Korak finds us. If he could find you here, he can find you at my village. Is it not so?"

Meriem thought that it was so, but she did not like the idea of not starting imemdiately back to meet Korak. On the other hand, the man had no intention of permitting this poor, insane child to wander further amid the dangers of the jungle. Whence she had come, or what she had undergone, he could not guess; but that her Korak and their life among the apes was but a figment of a disordered mind he could not doubt.

He knew the jungle well, and he knew that men had lived alone and naked among the savage beasts for years; but a frail and slender girl! No, it was not possible.

Together they went outside. Malbihn's boys were striking camp in preparation for a hasty departure. The stranger's blacks were coversing with them. Malbihn stood at a distance, angry and glowering.

The stranger approached one of his own men.

"Find out where they got this girl," he commanded.

The negro thus addressed questioned one of Malbihn's followers. Presently he returned to the master.

"They bought her from old Kovudoo," he said. "That is all that this fellow will tell me. He pretends that he knows nothing more, and I think that he does not. These two white men are very bad men. They did many things that their boys knew not the meaning of. It would be well, B'wana, to kill the other."

"I wish that I might; but a new law is come into this part of the jungle. It is not as it was in the old days, Muviri," replied the master.

The stranger remained until Malbihn and his safara had disappeared into the jungle toward the north. Meriem, trustful now, stood at his side, Geeka clutched in one slim, brown hand.

They talked together, the man wondering at her faltering Arabic of the girl, but attributing it finally to her defective mentality. Could he have known that years had elapsed since she had used it until she was taken by the Swedes, he would not have wondered that she had half forgotten it.

There was another reason why the language of the sheik had thus readily eluded her; but of that reason she herself could not have guessed the truth any better than could the man.

He tried to persuade her to return with him to his "village," as he called it, or "douar" in Arabic; but she was insistent upon searching immediately for Korak. As a last resort, he determined to take her with him by force rather than sacrifice her life to the insane hallucination which haunted her; but, being a wise man, he determined to humor her first, and then attempt to lead her as he would have her go.

So, when they took up their march it was in the direction of the south, though his own ranch lay almost due east.

By degrees he turned the direction of their way more and more eastward and greatly was he pleased to note that the girl failed to discover that any change was being made.

Little by little she became more trusting. At first she had had but her intuition to guide her belief that this big Tarmangani meant her no harm, but, as the days passed and she saw that his kindness and consideration never faultered, she came to compare him with her Korak, and to be very fond of him; but never did her loyalty to her ape-man flag.

On the fifth day they came suddenly upon a great plain, and from the edge of the forest the girl saw in the distance fenced fields and many buildings. At the sight she drew back in astonishment.

"Where are we?" she asked, pointing.

"We could not find Korak," replied the man, "and as our way led near my douar, I have brought you here to wait and rest with my wife until my men can find your ape, or he finds you. It is better thus, little one. You will be safer with us, and you will be happier."

"I am afraid, Bwana," said the girl. "In thy douar they will beat me as did the sheik, my father. Let me go back into the jungle. There Korak will find me. He will not think to look for me in the douar of a white man."

"No one here will hurt you, child," replied the man. "I have not done so, have I? Well, here all belong to me. They will treat you well. Here no one is beaten. My wife will be very good to you, and at last Korak will come, for I shall send men to search for him."

The girl shook her head. "They could not bring him, for he would kill them, as all men have tried to kill him. I am afraid. Let me go, Bwana!"

To Be Continued.

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All in favor of Thanksgiving say "aye."

There isn't room enough in this country for two landslides on the same day.

A loud mouth cannot be included as one of Freedom's blessings.

Everybody seems willing to admit that it was an interesting election.

Of the two presidential candidates, President Wilson was the one who stood to receive a rebuke. That is ever the position of the man who is in.

Politics opens the way for all to make a few reckless remarks.

Anybody can locate the heart of a city. But where is its soul?

Mexico will get into trouble if she's not careful. Mistaking Germans or Englishmen for Americans is dangerous.

When the result of an election is close there are thousands of people who can see how it could have been turned the other way with a little effort.

Every dog has his day. And every partisan his time of rejoicing.

The name of a schoolboy in Minnesota is Water Melon. Why do parents play practical jokes on their children?

Now that the strife is ended it might be well for many persons who have been making odious comparisons to study, without prejudice, the life of Abraham Lincoln.

The silent vote was loaded.

Captain Koenig of the Deutschland exhibits no symptoms of a swelled head. Perhaps if he had that kind he wouldn't be the successful underseas navigator he is.

There is always the satisfaction of feeling that the other fellow was wrong.

As a purchasing power the new dime isn't strong, but it is a shining light as far as it goes.

Had the Germans taken Verdun the Crown Prince's reputation would have been made for all time. The failure will have to be charged to others.

Because a man makes a good guess, with only one chance of being wrong, it doesn't follow that he is a prophet.

Joy riding is a fatal disease.

That was pleasant news concerning the women voters. There were no delays on account of the powder puff.

If there were two sides to every question there would be less talk in the world.

Nobody but a poet could do full justice to the weather blessings we have received this well-known autumn.

Best suggestions for an eleventh commandment come from the Washington Post: "Thou shalt not change the other ten!"

"A man may be humble," says a philosopher, "without advertising the fact." His humility will be discovered soon enough, and he'll be kicked accordingly.

Where do the railroads hide their coal cars while the coal dealers are putting up prices?

What more could the distressed people of Poland ask than Freedom and a Prince to ladle it out to them?

The voter must mark a ballot and let it go at that. He can't add a postscript.

Why should boards of health issue warnings against kissing? Did anybody ever kiss a board of health?

Nothing succeeds like success and Billy Sunday.

Indian summer seems to be a season that can be looked forward to any time after August until the middle of November.

So many editors refer to this world as "a vale of tears," there is the growing danger that some people may believe it.

The Lesson of Defeat

If the Republican party is ever to become a dominant force in the nation again it must learn from Tuesday's defeat that progressive principles, progressive policies and progressive Republicans must no longer be denied high place in the party councils.

The lesson taught by the American voter this week is as plain as day. Throughout the country where the Old Guard ruled, the Democrats won and where the Progressive wing of the Republican party was betrayed by the bosses, the opposition found its harvest ripe to the sickle. California, where Hiram Johnson and his followers were browbeaten and ignored, the Republican organization turned the scale in the final result. Other western states in which similar conditions prevailed followed the lead of the great Pacific commonwealth.

No more striking proof of the correctness of such an analysis of the result need be evidenced than that afforded by Ohio. That state, close kin in geography and every other interest to Illinois and Indiana and Michigan and always to be counted on to follow the course of those sister states in national elections, went Democratic by tremendous odds, while the three others rolled up Republican pluralities. While Illinois and Michigan and Indiana were writing progressive Republican platforms and making peace with the returning Progressive party, men of the "Old Guard" in Ohio were going to the limit in reactionary policies and stand-pat leadership and forgetting the party's duty to the country in a determination to punish the men who had followed Roosevelt in 1912.

There isn't any argument about it. The reason for national party defeat is absolutely plain. The blame and the shame lie upon the Old Guard. They, the men who wrecked the party in 1912, have again led it to defeat. Always a liability rather than an asset, always actuated by selfish and sordid and unholy motives, they have at last steered the Republican craft to a disaster which, without radical measures in salvaging, will become everlasting destruction.

The Old Guard should have been sent to its political death years ago. The cleansing of the party temple, already too long delayed, must be undertaken now or never. Either Republican standpatism or the Republican party must die. The death of the one or the other cannot be delayed beyond another presidential campaign.

The rank and file of the national Republican party have twice been denied their rights and their will by the Old Guard. After two crushing defeats they will be found in no mood to submit again. In 1920 they will be heard and heeded or as surely as the sun rises they will seek justice and decency and patriotic Americanism under another party banner.

Poor Son of a Rich Man

A son of a rich man recently entered Northwestern University. He declined to follow the traditional custom which prescribes a green cap for freshmen. Twice, the upper classmen took him down to Lake Michigan and threw him in, warning him that he must wear the green cap or look forward to a hard winter. The lake was cold. It would be colder. Wisdom directed a mending of ways—which, in this case, meant abandoning the right to wear a hat for a whole school year.

When next the young student appeared on the campus, he had a body guard consisting of his father and uncle. Sophomores gathered around and hooted. The rich man got angry. He strutted to the offices and withdrew his son's name.

Of the many ways that wealthy men may spoil their children, one of the most certain is to make the children think they are a class apart, not subject to the laws, customs and practices which govern other young people. The rule which commanded green caps for freshmen may have been silly. But it was a tradition which the student body of Northwestern prized. It leveled the rich and poor to one green-topped level. It advertised the wearers as dutifully meek and lowly, a thing that was good for them.

For a boy to be handicapped with money is bad enough. We see its evil effects constantly. But to be handicapped with foolish and pompous parents is even worse. A thoughtful rich man can save his son from being a cad. A rich man swollen with a sense of self-importance can all too easily make himself the father of a cad.

High-Priced Turkey

High Cost of Living has had its eye on the turkey for a long time. Before the complaint against the upward trend of prices ceased to be a murmur and became a chorus rivaling the college glee clubs, turkey meat was rising. It took on a new valuation every year. It acquired anything from a quarter cent to three or four cents a pound with each recurring November. We shouldn't wonder if it was not turkey which led the army of high costs.

When everything is considered, it may be doubted if anyone is doing much more than breaking even in the business of raising turkeys. There are many more enemies of this plump American bird than those craftsmen who have developed such skill at opening hen-house locks. The turkey has a full outfit of mortal diseases. It lost a good deal of natural hardihood when it became domesticated. Our bird is the descendant of a Mexican variety and a northern climate still has a destructive effect. Turkeys wander into fields and woods and fall easy prey to minks and weasels and rats. They are none too quick of foot and automobile speeders have, in recent years, increased the death rate. Turkeys are a care, and use up a quantity of their caretakers' time. They are blessed with hearty appetites and can make short work of a sack of feed.

High turkey is a thing to deplore. But so also is the cost of raising turkeys. When that cost can be cut down, then there will be more justice in the indignation against producers and marketers.

Mt. Lassen's Anger

Geologists, for all their imposing whiskers and air of final authority, appear to be a fallible race. Weeks ago when Mt. Lassen gave one last, lingering explosion and quit cold, these scientific sharps announced that the mountain had got its troubles off its chest and, wrapping the drapery of its couch about it, had curled up for pleasant dreams a century long.

But now old Lassen is making war medicine again. It is, says the local news gatherer, "belching mighty balls of black smoke at intervals of from five to ten minutes." The most violent eruption of the year has just taken place. Lassen is making a monkey of geological prophecy.

What the gentlemen who felt the peak's pulse last summer failed to do was to take into account the natural pride of volcanoes. For twelve months or more Lassen had the limelight as a spouter and erupter and deafener, as well as smoke producer and comprehensive landscape destroyer. It was the whole show, the big noise. But the moment it retired, the politicians came forth. They grabbed Lassen's limelight. They went into competition with the crater. They sought to strip from it its high reputation for clatter and uproar and bombilation. They tried to show that as an ear splitter, Lassen was to the politician what the old-time blacksmith shop is to a can-making factory.

Is it any wonder that Mt. Lassen threw off the bed clothes and picked up its bass drum? What volcano wouldn't have done it? What institution with its head in the clouds and feet in the molten interior of the earth could have stood for the rivalry of puny man, bellow he ever so loudly?

New Traps for Voters

History is likely to pronounce the late election one of the most curious in the career of the country. It was an election of new maneuvers, new campaigning enterprises, an entirely new set of symbols and talismans and appeals.

One of the most notable departures was the subjection of the hired spellbinder and the advancement of paid advertisement. Unquestionably, more money was laid out in the effort to reach the voter through the printed word than had ever been appropriated before. Advertising experts of high grade were commandeered by both parties. Type screamed, ink plead and coaxed. It was all indication that at last political managers had come to realize that this was a nation of readers rather than—as the old idea was—a nation of listeners.

Never, perhaps, has more dependence been put upon the potency of the phrase. From thousands of bill boards flared "Peace, Preparedness, Prosperity." From a thousand electioneering throats poured endlessly, "He kept us out of war." The hecklers, too, took up with the phrase. "What would you have done?" they asked, and so charmed were they with the sound of their own voices shouting the same unvarying formula, it made no difference to them whether the speaker had just been criticizing the policy of the opposition or was quoting the aphorisms of Confucius.

The volunteer boomers were extraordinarily numerous. They worked with chalk and soap, urging their favorites' claims by employing freight cars as their tablets, the butchers and grocers' shining windows as the medium for their appeals. Probably the railroad companies were amused. It is hardly likely that the shopowners were.

Altogether, the election points to a new order of things. We suspect that in time the public speaker will be only the best, his speeches comparatively infrequent. The "ad writer" will supplant the bellows lunged stumper. Since most of them failed this time, phrases will not be worked so hard as a substitute for argument. But it is plainly evident that the old tricks, the time-honored practices of election day, are giving way to other forms of seducing the voter.

THE GOLDEN RULE

BY WALT MASON.

Remember that we are all brothers, so let's be good and kind to others, acknowledging their rights; why make Jones hotter than a hornet, by playing on your flute or cornet, when he would sleep o' nights? Why keep a swarm of hungry chickens, which cause more trouble than the dickens, as golden spring days pass, committing crimes no man can pardon, by scratching in the neighbor's garden, destroying garden sass? Why keep a dog that is so batty it thinks it is outclassing Patti, or even Annie Case, when it spends all the evening howling, and pouring diabolic yowling, in torrents through its face? While of our goodly deeds we're spieling, we're stirring up much bitter feeling by little, thoughtless sins; we keep a cow that makes Brown maddish, because it eats his early radish--why bark that neighbor's shins? In pious work our zeal is splendid; to see all vice and sorrow ended we go down in our jeans; and then we keep a rooster nutty that crows until it jars the putty from neighbors' window panes.

Copyright by George Matthew Adams.

A New York woman offers $250 reward for the return of her "poor, dear, red, chow dog," with bald ears." What a pity that such an ardent love as hers is not lavished upon some worthy child.

Men have been known to get so drunk on the night of election that they couldn't tell whether they were mourning over defeat or celebrating a victory.

No man wants the woman who is a good cook to die for him.

Villa may yet try to get Carranza dead or alive.

ABE MARTIN

It don't make no difference whether a feller knows beans when th' bag's open or not at seven-fifty per bushel.

Th' papers are full o' beauty hints, but most girls don't seem t' be able t' take a hint.

VARIETIES

Berlin has registered 107,909 alien residents.

London has 73,500 miles of telephone and telegraph wires.

Artificial flowers can be restored by being held in steam.

The Dutch Indies in 1915 produced 1,440,068 tons of petroleum.

Recently patented hairpins resemble tongs in form and method of operation.

More than 70 per cent of the exports of Jamaica come to the United States.

The annual rice production of Japan has reached the 250,000,000 bushel mark.

Cracked eggs can be boiled safely by placing a little vinegar in the water.

Using benzine for fuel, a new cigaret lighter is a close imitation of a cigaret.

Siam has resumed the cultivation of cotton, once a leading industry in that country.

The Siam government savings bank has 1,380 depositors with $138,977 to their credit.

A novel motorcycle carries four persons tandem and is controlled from the back seat.

France in the first half of 1916 imported United States products valued at $232,188,264.

The temperature of southern Australia varies not more than 20 degrees during the year.

The United States last year produced 1,884,044 tons of glass sand, valued at $1,606,640.

been invented to be clamped to the rockers of a rocking chair to convert it into a roller chair.

Waterproof knapsacks made of horse hair have been invented by a Japanese army officer.

Trunk straps made of steel links have been invented that are more durable than leather ones.

An American egg-producing plant has been established in China and is handling 300,000 eggs daily.

Current is switched automatically into a new electric screwdriver the instant pressure is applied.

The Conebo, Shippo, Cocoamo and Yabua tribes of Amazon Indians are still wearing clothes of grass.

The largest hen's eggs are produced in Manchuria, those weighing one-sixth of a pound being common.

The world's largest artificial harbor is planned for Rotterdam. It will be 28 feet deep and cover 766 acres.

Since 1870 white illiteracy in Georgia has been reduced from 27 to 7 per cent, and black from 92 to 36 per cent.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century more than 200 offenses were punishable with death in England.

In some parts of India castor oil beans are made into an illuminating gas that is said to be superior to coal gas.

According to the census reports, 263,315 girl stenographers and typewriters are employed in the United States.

A Baltimore man has acted as best man at the weddings of forty of his friends, and yet escaped matrimony himself.

Simply pressing a button connected with a new motor will either raise or lower a theatre curtain the proper distance.

Total investment in film concerns, moving pictures and accessories in this country is said to be more than $2,000,000,000.

For use in blasting a combined fuse cutting, cap crimping and fuse slitting tool has been invented by a Wisconsin man.

The spout of a new container for a can of condensed milk punctures the can and allows the milk to be poured as from a teapot.

The banana takes the place of cereals in the dietary of the natives of much of South America and parts of India and Africa.

A Russian naval officer is the inventor of an electrical machine for writing messages in cipher and translating such messages.

Forestry experts have demonstrated that teak timber can be grown on plantations that is as strong as that from natural forests.

So that it need not be carried in the daytime a new motor truck headlight is designed so that it can be easily lifted from its stand.

To enable an aeroplane to alight by clutching a cable a Frenchman has built a spring fork that projects from the top of the machine.

A Spanish physician has developed a method for obtaining a potassium fertilizer from sea water, which he has named marine kainit.

A device to be strapped to the back of a tennis player's left hand to enable him to keep the score of his games has been patented.

A new English electric fan is designed to provide intermittent currents of air, its blades turning on their axes as they are revolved.

An American has obtained a Cuban patent for a machine that cultivates growing sugar cane, work that heretofore has had to be done by hand.

A new trap to be attached to a refrigerator drain pipe permits waste water to flow out, but prevents the entrance of warm air or vermin.

Sunday School

ROME AT LAST!

The International Sunday School Lesson for November 19 Is "From Malta to Rome." Acts 28:11-31.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

Under the Roman eagle's wing the storm-tossed adventurer of Christ, Paul of Tarsus, was safe at last. Driven to bay by malicious mobs and cunning conspirators, he had appealed to Caesar for justice. Now to Caesar's seat he had come. "I must see Rome," this eager traveler had cried; and, after many perilous days, his eyes had looked upon the golden capital of the world. Travelers to Rome at the present time are most of all interested in the objects that survive from Paul's day. Nothing in Rome, not even the Coliseum itself, impressed me so vividly as the black pyramid on the Appian Way which was one of the objects that the alert eyes of the great apostle certainly looked upon.

Somehow, as we contemplate the arrival of this scarred veteran of a great service at the imperial city, it calls to mind the triumphal entries of the Caesars. For this Paul was undoubtedly the greatest man that ever entered the gates of Rome. We may match him, point for point, with any of the emperors or warriors or philosophers or writers of the world's capital in her proudest days. As a man, as a thinker, as an organizer, as a reformer and as a great leader of mankind, there never has been in Rome another to compare with Paul of Tarsus.

No shouting populace met him. The senate of Rome gave him no triumph. There were no singing maidens waving garlands in procession before him, and no clanking legionaries. He rode in no chariot and no captives were visible in his train. In fact, Rome, as a city, was utterly unaware of the arrival of its greatest man. A thousand gilded nobodies were accustomed to enter with more state than this imperial figure. His only train consisted of a group of Christians, people of the humblest walks of life, and he, with them, trod the famous Appian Way afoot and he wore a chain. Yet his heart was uplifted above that of the Caesars. This was his great and dreamed-of hour.

Now, Rome is Paul's city rather than Caesar's. He bore that which has outlived the empire of Rome—a great truth. When the Gospel arrives in a community or in a nation, a new and unpredictable and transforming force has entered. There is no other dynamic comparable with the Message of Christ; and there is no power of militarism or of materialism that can stand against it. The Pauline method of conquest did not require a great organization or modern machinery and methods. He simply uttered a truth, and then lived it. The Gospel he carried he himself called "the dynamite of God."

A Voyage Ended.

Before he reached Rome, however, Paul had great experiences. For three months he had dwelt in Malta, doing the work of an evangelist, although a prisoner. Then the shipwrecked company had been taken off by an Alexandrian vessel called "The Twin Brothers," which was bound for Puteoli, the harbor of Rome. Like the earlier parts of the famous journey, this last lap may still be sailed by anybody interested. The first stop was made at Syracuse, on the eastern side of the Island of Sicily. Thence the ship made successfully the dangerous straits of Messina, where Scylla and Charybdis stood as menacing sentinels. This is the same Messina that was destroyed by an earthquake in 1908. A brief stop was made here at Rhegium, and then the ship made Puteoli, on the Bay of Naples, eight miles from the city of this name.

Here Paul and his escort stepped ashore, the great voyage ended. Puteoli was the gate of Rome. He had reached his desired haven. Storms and shipwreck, plots and enemies, mobs and riots, robbers and kings and prelates had been unable to keep him from the city of his desire.

There was more than land at Puteoli. A company of the brethren were there to greet Paul. He belonged to a fellowship, already far-flung, which was wider than any racial or national bonds. It is easy to imagine how the heart of the traveler was warmed as he once more found himself among friends. More than once I have had the same experience. Well do I remember the day I arrived at Tarsus, after a long caravan journey through eastern Asia Minor and the Taurus mountains. Hungry, tired, travel-stained and eager for a night in a real bed, I found that the old city of Tarsus did not boast a modern hotel. Then, just as I had made up my mind to be reconciled to a native caravansary, great-hearted Dr. Thomas Christie, of Saint Paul's Institute, found me and carried me off to his own home, and to a taste of real American life.

What talk there must have been, far into the night, between Paul and these Christians of Puteoli! Do you not envy these unknown saints their rare privilege of hearing, hot from the eloquent lips of Paul himself, the narrative of his voyage and shipwreck, and of the adventures that preceded it, and of the wonderful provinces of God? For a whole and unforgettable week, these brethren had Paul's company.

Over the Appian Way.

In the background of these experiences we perceive the kindly and courteous figure of Captain Julius, the Roman centurian in charge of Paul. It was by his consideration that the prisoner had all these extraordinary liberties. Of course, the two men were more than soldier and prisoner; they had doubtless long ere this become fast friends and fellow disciples of Jesus. A man may perhaps travel with you or me for a year and never suspect that we are Christains; but nobody could be long with the Apostle Paul without having Christ presented to him directly. Julius was surely a sympathetic sharer of these meetings of the brethren.

Running ahead of the apostle himself, the news of his arrival was carried to Rome. So as he and his company journeyed along the Appian Way, enjoying the historic route as only such a scholar as he could do, he was once more delighted to find the brethren coming to meet him. Halfway to Rome, at a place called the Market of Appius, a deputation of Roman Christians awaited him; and, probably, those who had companied with him from Puteoli turned back. Forty-six miles from Rome this delegation had come, and a dozen miles further on, at Three Taverns, or Three Rest Houses, their number was still further increased.

Those Roman Christians had time for hospitality. They did not even call it "church work." To them the fellowship of Christians was the most real and vital thing on earth, taking precedence of business and everything else. To this day, in the Orient, the usage of accompanying friends on a journey, or meeting them as they arrive, is a social duty and privilege. In the case of Paul, these brethren were evidence that Christ had friends in Rome. The goodly fellowship was already established. So he "thanked God and took courage."

Bold in Caesar's Shadow.

Now we come to the end of all that is written concerning Paul, except as his own later letters are incidentally biographical. This is the last lesson in the Book of the Acts. The narrative breaks off here, but the work continued. Luke wrote his story up to date, like a journalist, and concluded it in the midst of what was doing.

Paul spent two years in his own hired house in Rome, teaching boldly the things concerning Christ. Under the shadow of Caesar there were no mobs to hound him, no ecclesiastics to annoy. He wrote four of his immortal letters during this time. Also he built up the church in Rome, for the brethren had free access to him. Every few hours his Roman guard was changed, and we may be sure that he won these for his Master, making them missionaries to their fellows and to the remote regions into which the soldiers of Caesar penetrated.

As of old, his first concern was for the house of Israel, and he had scarcely been in Rome for a day ere he called the leaders of the Jewish colony together and for a whole day he preached to them Christ. No social grudges could abide in his great breast and no spirit of vengeance. Some were convinced, and some hardened their hearts. He left them with the Gospel according to Isaiah ringing in their ears.

The lesson may close as F. W. H. Myers closes his Epic of St. Paul:

"Yea, thro' life and death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning
Christ is the beginning, for the end is Christ."

BELGIAN SOLDIER LIKES THESE AMERICAN SMOKES

M. Lapeau, Second battalion, Third company, of the Belgian army, has written the head of a cigar company of Duluth, Minn., to send him "some of your celebrated smokes, in order to make my lonesome moments a little merrier. You will understand the reason which prompted me to write to you in such an insolent manner and I trust you will excuse me therefor, when I tell you that I have spent some time in the states before going to war. I thank you a thousand times beforehand for your good-heartedness."

YUCATAN, WITH PROGRESSIVE LAWS, MODEL STATE OF MEXICO

Yucatan is a Mexican state, projecting into the Gulf of Mexico, 200 miles east of Vera Cruz and in the same latitude as the City of Mexico. It is a very progressive state and is showing what Mexico can do if it gets rid of Villa and the old order of land tenures. She has child labor laws and compulsory arbitration. Her schools and her industries are rapidly increasing. In fact, she has reached a stage that she can, in many respects, be a pattern to any state in this country. When a country treats its women well it is on the up-grade. Here are two sections form the Yucatan laws that speak volumes for the whole of that country:

Article 79. It is forbidden for women to work 30 days before becoming mothers and during the 30 days following; but they must receive their complete salary during this time and their positions must be reserved for them.

Article 80. In positions where women are employed there must be a special floor in state of perfect sanitation, in which women may give nourishment to their babies—15 minutes every two hours—without said intervals of time being deducted from the time allotted for rest.

Prior to the recent revolution in Mexico the people there were in abject servitude. "After the enactment of the land laws," says Mr. Rolland, "we framed the labor legislation on the best models we could find in New Zealand and other parts of the world, modified to fit the conditions of Yucatan. We have minimum wage provisions and an eight-hour law, compensation for injuries of workmen and provision for their old age. Children under 13 cannot be employed in factories or any other establishment. Boys under 15 and girls under 18 cannot work nights. All places of employment must be sanitary and protected against fire risks and all machinery must be protected. Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes is provided by law before workers can strike or employers lock them out."

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No. 8052—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

Cut in sizes 36 ot 42 inches, bust measure. The unusual in blouses in shown in this waist—a model having all those little differences that mark it apart from the regular style. It is cut quite full and has the upper edges of the fronts gathered. The deep cape, headed by a turnover collar of contrasting goods may be omitted.

No. 8012—Ladies' Nightgown.

Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. Something new may be said about nightgowns, as we study the garment illustrated. Exceptionally well made, it will easily be chosen, because it is on the most advanced lines for comfort in undergarments. Notice that the sleeves extend to the neck edge, also the shape of the neck and flat collar finish; the facing, where the front is slashed to just the right depth, is also noteworthy.

No. 8017—Girls' Dress

Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. The panel front is a marked feature of this dress, which is in one piece from the shoulder to the lower edge, and with left side front closing underneath a tuck. The button decoration is an up-to-date note, and the collar in opposing color also has style importance.

No. 8039—Girls' Dress.

Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It is new indeed, to have a bertha — inlaid with rows of insertion — on a girl's afternoon dress, but the frock pictured will be effective, even though this feature be omitted. The waist is gathered at front and back, to shallow yokes, with a round neck finish. A wide ribbon sash over the joining of a one-piece gathered skirt and insertion banding to head the hem of the skirt, make the dress richer.

Fine Silk in China.

The credit of making the first silk is given Si-Ling, wife of Hoang-Ti, emperor of China, 2600 B. C. Among the Greeks, Aristotle—348-322 B. C.—is the first who mentions it. It was not until A. D. 530, however, that it began to be made in Europe.

No. 8031—Ladies' Dress.

Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches, bust measure. A model that just snaps with smartness, and one having plenty of utility value. A handsome collar is displayed in contrasting goods, adding style to the blouse, gathered to shoulder yokes and which has a decorative front closing. The belt and patch pocket correspond in tone to the collar and fitted cuffs on wrist - length sleeves.

No. 8014—Ladies Apron.

Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. Neatness is stamped all over this apron—a straight front, half-belted model, buttoned at the back and gives smartness with cape effect sleeves. Contrasting goods to finish the neck brings out its novel outline, and, also adds to the pocket front; the in the right sleeve ends show the same treatment.

No 8048—Girls' Coat.

Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. After the fashion of the "bigger bell's' coat, this one was designed. Pronounced style note is expressed with deep, flare collar and the straight and loose lines of the front. The sleeve has a novel cuff developed in the collar material; insert pockets at the front sides are other interesting features. The back is distinctive, with a skirt section joined at hip depth.

No. 8050—Ladies Skirt.

Cut in sizes 24 to 32 inches, waist measure. Every trend of the newest fashion is expressed in this dressy model—a two-piece skirt, with the straight line front, the popular side yokes in contrasting goods, and with the sides laid in cartridge plaits. A slightly raised waistline gives the grace of line desired and the lower edge is in fascinating flare.

The Blade Book of Fashions.

In every home where clothes are made there should be a copy of The Blade Book of Fashions, a 36-page fashion publication which is issued Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. This handsome book shows 400 of the best styles for ladies, misses and children, all of which can be made at home. The book illustrates more than 50 of the newest waists and skirts, evening dresses and coats; over 50 beautiful house and street dresses and maternity gowns; over 30 aprons, dozens of negligees, kimonos and wrappers, underwear, misses' dresses and blouses, baby clothes of all kinds and nearly 100 garments for children of all ages; shirts for men and boys, etc. The very latest issue of this book will be sent postpaid to any address in the United States on receipt of 10c.

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If you knew of a sick person wrecked in mind and body from the ravages of sickness, caused by a condition of liver, bladder, blood, stomach or kidneys, would you remain silent when you could offer a suggestion?

If I convince you that my statements are honest it is your duty to tell others what you have read. I'll give you $5,000 if there are not 100,000 users of Bulgarian Blood Tea in Pittsburgh. I'll make the same offer on the affidavit made by Charles Eichardt, that he read over 2,000 letters sent to me from grateful users of Bulgarian Blood Tea. And further, you can have the money if the National Labor Tribune, 50 years official organ of the workingman, did not investigate Bulgarian Blood Tea and accept my advertising after reading the proof of its merit and inspecting my laboratory, where the editor found only the choicest of herbs, roots, bark, leaves, plants, flowers—the offering of Mother Earth to sick and suffering humanity. This newspaper exposed various kinds of patent medicines and refused to publish their advertising. I'll give you $5,000 if my statement is not true that Bulgerian Blood Tea has kept me in a healthy condition for over 16 years and that my wife and child are in the pink of condition as a result of this. This formula was given me by an old Bulgarian when I was sick, 16 years ago. I have red cheeks at 60 and I feel better than when I was 45. I claim that any man who uses this nature tea, and eliminates body poisons in this natural way, that he will fight off germs and that he will live to a happy ripe old age. This applies to either sex because women who have used it write that it is a blessing; that every woman should know about it.

I've tried to offer proof of the merits of my tea. I will send anywhere in the United States a 5 months' treatment for $1. You can give it to every member of the family. It contains no mineral drugs, or alcohol. You make it at home and take it hot at bed time in the good old-fashioned way. Please let me prove to any victim of rheumatism, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, sick and nervous headache, run-down and weak condition, that this offer is different from any you have ever read. Send $1.00 and get a 3 months' treatment. Address

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A New Yorker, of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and quickly banished with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, W-490, Station E, New York City, will mail his book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after tobacco craving is conquered. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous, irritable feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.

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FOGHORN, A PRIVATE FROM CANADA, BEST KNOWN MAN NOW SERVING IN TRENCHES

"Foghorn" McDonald admits he's as "Scotch as oatmeal," but what he doesn't have to admit is, beyond doubt, the best known man in the wonderful big army Canada has sent over to fight for the mother country. Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, Canadian minister of militia and defense, is not jealous of "Foghorn's" distinction. The rawest rookie in the rearmost ranks of the Dominion forces proclaims it in on the fighting line, and looks up to this world-wandering scion of the clan McDonald as a shining example of what a lowly "buck" can do in trying times like these.

For "Foghorn" came over as a private himself just two short years ago. Some of his homefolk told him he was a "darned old fool" to enlist at 53, but "Foghorn" had been a miner all his days. He had hit the western trail from sunbaked Batopilas, in the wilds of Mexico, to the snowshrouded valleys of the Yukon, and he knew what perseverance and pluck and courage and sacrifice could do.

"Foghorn" was born Neil Roderick McDonald, but there are comparatively few who knew him by that distinguished name. "It's just plain "Foghorn" nowadays, from one end of the trenches to the other, and one earful of that low rumbling, window-shattering, rock-shivering voice explodes all possible doubt as to the derivation of the nickname.

Not to know "Foghorn" McDonald is to miss one of the big human personalities of this war. It is not difficult to realize what a tower of encouragement and strength he is to the soldiers at the front.

"He is the sort of officer whose men would follow him to the gates of hell itself and walk in laughing," declared Major "Eddie" Holland, a longtime friend and a "V. C." of the South African war.

It has been said of "Foghorn" that "he's not afraid of any man—and very few women." His home is in the great west. He has lived much in the United States and almost every province in Canada claims him as her own. His heart is as big as the world in which he has lived, and he has a way of calling a superior officer "Bill," or "Jim," or "George," and referring to a corporal as a "brother officer" that is quite baffling to the Englishman's ideas of discipline.

"Foghorn" has been serving for some time as transport officer of the "Black Devils," and has been riding about the front lines on what he describes, himself, as "a mighty fine hoss." Where he got the horse he will not tell you. "It wouldn't be passed by the censor," he says.

A good transport officer tries to keep his losses at a minimum and to make the deficiencies good as quickly as he can. "Foghorn" had his men in the Black Devils trained to the minute in that respect.

"One night," he said, "we were taking some loads of ammunition away up in front. It was blacker than the ace of spades and if you struck a match you'd get your eye shot out. But, in the midst of this blackness and the shelling we were getting, I heard one of my men say to his partner: 'Keep your eye out for a good hoss, Bill, this ought to be a good night to get one.'"

"Foghorn" served, for a time, as an officer in the United States army—the Third volunteer cavalry of the Spanish war.

"I think the officer commanding our regiment had 15 or 20 million dollars," said Foghorn; "I had $1.35 myself."

WONDERFUL EGG PRODUCER

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents worth of "More Eggs" and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit-maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 5508 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for $1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied your dollar will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send a dollar today or ask Mr. Reefer for his Free poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.—Adv.

CARP HOUND IS TERROR TO FISH

Rids Pond of Finny Tribe Which Eats Wheat That Has Been Planted for Ducks.

Dr. Alan Welsh Smith and his fellow owners of a duck pond on Sauvie's island in Oregon, have presented to the world a new species of animal, to wit, the carp hound. This dog eats fish and insists on taking them alive right out of the water.

When Dr. Smith and his friends visited their pond a short time ago they found most of the wheat they had carefully planted as duck bait was gone.

The evident size of the mouthfuls quantities in which it had been taken away, added to the scarcity of ducks, led the huntsmen to believe all was not right; they suspected the objects of their charity had been robbed.

Dog Understands Business.

"Carp," said a sage member of the party. As if to prove his hypothesis a big fish just then insolently swung into the wheat field and went away with his mouth full.

Another of the party had a dog. He was an intelligent dog, and when his master took him to one side and confided to him the dirty tricks the fish had been playing the dog took it to heart. He barked his sympathy and decided to sacrifice himself at the altar of Nimrod.

The next carp that started for the wheat met an untimely death. The carp hound let out a yell which frightened the fish out of its wits, then, while the carp was still dazed, sank its teeth gently, but firmly, in the enemy's back and took him out of his native element.

The dog continued his raids until the pond was nearly vacant, so far as carp were concerned.

At the end of a week the hunters found their wheat practically intact.

TEST OF ADAMSON LAW DUE SOON IN MISSOURI

SANTA FE AND UNION PACIFIC SUITS ON CONSTITUTIONALITY READY FOR TRIAL.

With the excitement and stress of the national election at least temporarily sidetracked, western railroad magnates have turned their attention to the fight shortly to be waged in the Missouri courts on the Adamson eight-hour law.

While the attention of the country was centered on the presidential contest, two suits were filed in Kansas City, declaring the bill unconstitutional and unworkable and asking that the district attorney and "labor leaders" be enjoined from putting its provisions into effect. The bills were filed by the Sante Fe, whose president, E. P. Ripley, so bitterly opposed the bill, and the Union Pacific. The legal battle will be staged in the federal court. District Attorney Fred Robertson and several train service employes are made defendants.

"There is no such thing as standard day's wage in railroad service," states the Santa Fe bill. "The Adamson bill, therefore, is incapable of passage."

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Manalin Tablets are a delightful laxative. Strong cathartics weaken, and are followed by reaction. Manalin is mild, gently urging the liver to action, and will be found as safe as they are pleasant. By their use as directed, the habit of constipation is usually overcome. For children and invalids the treatment is safe and satisfactory. Any drug store can supply you. Get a box today.

THE PERUNA COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio

T. R. GROOMED FOR 1920 RACE

Roosevelt Republicans Say He Will Head the Ticket in Next Campaign.

Roosevelt Republicans in New York have already started a boom for the colonel for 1920. Without restriction they say he will loom quickly as the commanding figure in the Grand Old Party, that he will, by virtue of being the complete antithesis of the President, automatically come to the front as the nominee of 1920.

There has been no intimation that the Progressives were in any way treacherous. Those who worked in the campaign were regular in every way.

Campaign Already On.

No secret is made of the belief among eastern Progressive Republicans that Roosevelt's campaign for the next Republican nomination will be started at once—that, in fact, it is already under way.

Roosevelt now stands forth as a regular Republican. He was formerly enrolled as a Progressive. Now he is again a full-fledged Republican, and he worked for the election of the national ticket. Although it is believed by the Republicans that his speeches on Mexico, on Belgium and on the general obligation of the United States to protect the international rights of nations unable to look after themselves drove many Republicans away from the ticket, there can be no criticism of Roosevelt's campaign.

Will Be Only 62.

Roosevelt will be but 62 years old in 1920. He will be in the best years of his life. His friends and acquaintances all admit he wants to be President again. Those who would discuss the matter today, said he undoubtedly will be President again.

If Hughes were in the White House for four years, the chances are that he would be renominated and that Roosevelt would not again come into the presidential spotlight, as he now unquestionably has.

Four years ahead in politics is ordinarily a fading perspective, but not in presidential politics where Roosevelt is concerned.

DISTRIBUTION OF CATARRH TREATMENT FREE.—CONTINUES

Catarrh Specialist Sproule of 43 Trade Building Boston, is again offering Treatment for Catarrh, Free to Toledo Weekly Blade readers, because so many people have asked him to repeat the last Free offer he made a little while ago.

If you want Treatment while this famous Specialist is giving it away Free, send at once. Turn to the 15th page of this paper and get the address. Then send for the Catarrh Treatment and see for yourself the method which has cured hundreds of your fellow readers of Catarrh. —Advertisement.

VANDERBILT SCION SEEKS NAVAL CAREER

William Henry Vanderbilt, son of Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt and the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, will seek admission into the naval academy at Annapolis. He has had much experience with motor and sailing boats in Newport waters.

For Pile Sufferers

Sample Package of the Famous Pyramid Pile Treatment Now Offered Free to Prove What It Will Do for You.

Pyramid Pile Treatment gives quick relief, stops itching, bleeding or protruding piles, hemorrhoids and all rectal troubles, in the privacy of your own home. 50c a box at all druggists. A single box often cures. **Free sample for trial** with booklet mailed free in plain wrapper, if you send us coupon below.

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If you are troubled with Indigestion, Heartburn, Gas, Colic, Sick Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Bad Color, Nervous Condition, Blues, Constipation, Jaundice, Torpid Liver, or if you are one of the vast army of

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I have a pleasant and effective cause-removing plan of treatment (no oil) which is fully explained in a very frank, sincere, human, inspirational Book, a copy of which I will be glad to mail you **Free**

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Truth is precious—so is time. Therefore send for Book at once. Address NOW.

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Tales From Wilds of Yukon Region

Continued From Page 5.

names. There are but few "misters" and every one calls his fellow by his first name or nickname. It is John and Jim and Tom, Dick and Harry. The nicknames are striking. Many of them are founded on the sense of humor that prevails everywhere throughout the country. One character here is generally known as "the man who talked the crow to death." This is a miner who talks so much that his fellows time and again have left him in disgust. They did so one day leaving a raven sitting on the fence outside his cabin. As the story goes the man addressed his conversation to the raven and talked to it until at last the bird dropped.

Another man is known as "Short and Dirty," others "Skookum Bill," and "Sour Dough Bill," and a fourth "the Malamute Kid." The latter is noted for his fine malamute dogs. He has 20 on hand at this writing.

The "Bear Kid" is a husky fellow who got the title by wrestling with a tame black bear before an admiring crowd, and the "Hungry Kid" is said to be able to eat at any time and to never refuse a meal. A very thin man is named "the Evaporated Kid." One of his friends says that he is a human string bean with the bean left out. "Eat-'em-up Frank" owns a cabin on the Tanana river, between Fort Gibbon and Fairbanks, where he has a little potato farm. He is called "Eat-'em-up" because when he gets drunk, which is often, he shouts that he can eat up any man in the crowd. He only weighs 100 pounds. Everyone knows Frank as "Old Eat-'em-up." "Step-and-a-half Johnson" has one leg shorter than the other. Nevertheless he is fond of racing and can get over the ground faster than the average sprinter. He is said to insist that the race track be along the side of a hill, where the slope gives his short leg the advantage.

Another striking character is "Two-step Louie." Two-step got his title during the gold rush at Dawson. He was a successful miner, who was accustomed to frequent the dance halls night after night. The usual charge was a dollar a dance, the man being expected to treat his partner at the end. The story is told how "Two-step Louie" once sold a claim for $5,000, with the understanding that $1,500 was to be paid in Alamander Left chips, each chip meaning one dance. "Two-step" came with the stampede to Fairbanks, where he still continued to trip the light fantastic toe. It is said he would sometimes come into the dance halls here and pin a one-hundred-dollar note to the curtain over the orchestra, telling the men to give the crowd a century's worth of "Turkey in the Straw." The musicians would play two or three dances and then take down the note.

Elaborate Stories Told.

These names and stories are vouched for by the people of Fairbanks, but I am beginning to doubt whether all the stories I hear in Alaska are true. I have just been told one about a miner at White River who had his toes frozen so that his feet sloughed off to the instep. The story is that the man had the toes amputated and was able to walk on the stubs with the aid of a pair of bear's feet made into moccasins, the bear's claws taking the place of his toes. The man who told me this showed me a photograph of the miner with his bear feet tied on.

Marquis Breteuil Dies

Marquis Henri de Breteuil, a famous personage in Parisian society and intimate friend of the late King Edward of England, died Nov. 5.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT EVENTS IN WEEK OF WAR

Once again the German line in France has been hard hit.

Starting an offensive running from the southern bank of the Ancre river, northward over a front of about five miles—from St. Pierre Divion to the north of Serre—the British have captured the towns of Beaumont-Hamel and St. Pierre Divion and first and second line trenches at various points.

A maximum gain to a depth of one mile over the five-mile front was made by the British.

The new drive probably has as its objective, the straightening out of the British line northward from the region of Sars across the Ancre and the pushing forward by the British left wing toward Achiet-le-Petit, the junction point of the Arras-Bapaume and Arras-Miraumont railroads.

WHILE Americans were giving their minds to politics during the past week several big things were happening in the European war zone.

Probably the most spectacular of these was an air battle between German and English squadrons, officially reported in both countries Saturday as having taken place the day before. Between 60 and 70 machines were engaged in the combat, which resulted when a British squadron of 30 machines was surprised while bombarding Ostend and Zeebrugge, Belgium.

Seven British planes were missing after the battle, but the admiralty reported that the bombardment was carried out with successful results. Six German machines were observed to begin to fall out of control, although they were not seen to drop to the ground. Nine other German airplanes were said to have been driven down in a damaged condition. The German statement says all their battleplanes returned to their base, having suffered insignificant damages.

Dobrudja Hangs in Doubt.

The end of the week found the issue in the Rumanian province of Dobrudja, where Russo-Rumanian forces are apparently attempting to regain possession of the Constanza-Chernavoda railroad line, again in the balance.

Russo-Rumanian troops are advancing from the north upon Field Marshal von Mackensen's left flank at Chernavoda, and other entente forces are close to the town along the route of the 12-mile long bridge and viaduct which span the Danube and carry the railroad across the extensive marsh lands west of the main stream.

Sofia reported under Friday's date that Bulgarian artillery compelled entente troops which had advanced to the west bank of the Danube to "retire toward Dunareav." Petrograd, on the other hand, announced the occupation of this town by the Russians, locating it two miles west of Chernavoda, which is taken to mean that the Russians were approximately at the end of that portion of the bridge which spans the main stream.

Unofficial advices from Bucharest report von Mackensen's retreat in Dobrudja toward the Chernavoda-Constanza railroad line continuing, with fires observed in the direction of these two termini of the road in Dobrudja, this being held to indicate the possibility that their evacuation is imminent.

The Russian Black sea fleet has again bombarded Constanza and Mangalena says a dispatch from Odessa. Both of these ports have been occupied by the German allies under Field Marshal von Mackensen.

Fighting on the Somme front in northern France with the return of more favorable weather conditions has apparently been resumed on an increasingly important scale.

English Storm Trench.

London announced the storming Friday night by British troops on the eastern portion of the Regina trench on the northern portion of the front along a line more than half a mile in length. The French have been active south of the river where Berlin semi-officially admits they have scored some successes, which are characterized, however, as insignificant. In this same region northeast of Chaulnes, Paris reports an attack by the Germans in the Denicourt section, which is declared to have been repulsed by the French with heavy German losses.

Germany has warned Greece not to furnish the allies with any more war materials. A dispatch from Athens says that Count von Mirbach, German minister to Greece, has tendered a note to the Greek foreign office, saying that the handing over of Greek guns and rifles to the entente forces would be regarded as an unfriendly act.

Changing Fortunes of War.

A week ago the beaten Russo-Rumanian army in Dobrudja was supposed to be far up toward the mouth of the Danube, with a rear guard trying desperately to hold von Mackensen's victorious troops back until the main body could cross into Russia. Now we find the Russians and Rumanians back 50 miles or so south of the Danube, battling for the Cernavoda bridge, on one flank, and Constanza on the other.

This reversal marks a most speedy and surprising turn-over in the fortunes of war. It has not yet been explained officially. The sudden transformation of a fleeing, broken army into a formidable force on the offensive presents a puzzle to observers. It must mean the arrival of strong and unheralded reinforcements from Russia at the Dobrudja front, and, possibly, the coming of the Grand Duke Nicholas to take command.

A week ago the Germans and Bulgarians were repoted as having all Dobrudja at their mercy. The great bridge at Cernavoda, blown up by the Rumanians when they evacuated the town, was being repaired, preparatory to a crossing of the Danube by von Mackensen's troops. So far as the world was informed, there was not a hostile army within 50 miles of Cernavoda.

Then, suddenly, came the announcement from Petrograd that the Russo-Rumanians were fighting again for the Cernavoda bridge approach, having advanced to within two miles of their goal. Saturday unofficial dispatches said that great fires were observed in Cernavoda and Constanza, the eastern terminus of the railroad that runs from Cernavoda to the Black sea. London interpreted the dispatch to mean that von Meckensen was preparing to evacuate the towns, won at such great cost, and was firing them before retreating.

Grand Duke There?

Several weeks ago it was reported from Petrograd that the grand duke had been summoned from Asia Minor and sent to the Dobrudja front. He was to stop, en route, at grand headquarters in Russia for a conference with the Czar. Nothing further as to his movements was allowed to pass the Russian censorship, but it is reasonable to presume that his arrival with reinforcements explains the Russo-Rumanian revival.

On the other Rumanian front, at the Transylvania border line, the week has seen little progress for either side. It appears now that von Falkenhayn, German commander on this front, must give up his plans for reaching Bucharest this winter, for bad weather is coming on and it will certainly put a stop to operations on a large scale.

The come back staged by Rumania and her allies in Dobrudja and the successful resistance on the Transylvania border may yet save the Balkan state from disaster, for a protracted lull on both these fronts will give the powerful entente nations time and opportunity to send reinforcements to Rumania. It may be taken for granted that great quantities of supplies and munitions will pour into Rumania this winter from Russia and British possessions in Africa and spring may find a rejuvenated army facing von Falkenhayn and von Meckensen.

Campaign a Failure.

The German campaign against Rumania has changed within a week from a brilliant success, promising the early destruction of King Ferdinand's country, to a failure.

The fighting in Russia is on a front long dormant. The Germans, by a brilliant attack in the region of Baranovichi, near Kovno, captured a strongly defended Russian position. The attack brought on a hard battle, and last accounts from Petrograd were to the effect that some of the lost positions had been recaptured.

Baranovichi is a junction point on the Moscow-Warsaw railway, and its strategical importance is apparent, since it is the center of a network of railways by which the Russians are enabled to keep in touch with armies north and south. Possession of this railway by the Germans would cripple the entire Russian military machinery on the eastern front. The thrust is a most significant stroke by Prince Leopold's army which, if it succeeds, will prove most embarrassing to Russian commanders.

An advance south of the Somme by the French was recorded early in the week. It enabled the French to straighten out their front and marked another step toward the encirclement of Peronne. Berlin officially admitted the French success, but said it was accomplished only at terrific cost.

Cadorna Comes to Stop.

On the Austrian-Italian front, Gen. Cadorna's drive appears to have come to a halt once more, with the Italians only about seven or eight miles from Trieste at their most advanced positions. A resumption of the fighting in the Carso may be expected at any day, for it is unlikely that Cadorna will fail to press his advantage now.

Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg's speech was significant only in that part which referred to Germany's willingness, after the war, to join a movement to enforce world peace. It is the first official utterance of Germany's attitude on a subject which has claimed the attention of many American thinkers since the great struggle began in Europe. The chancellor's endorsement of a world league for peace probably will give the movement, fostered by former President Taft in this country, a great impetus among neutral nations and with Europe utterly exhausted when peace comes, may actually bring about an agreement.

RESTORATION OF POLAND MAKES NEW BUFFER STATE FOR TEUTONS

Warsaw, capital of Poland, was joyous when it learned that Poland had been declared a free state by proclamation of Kaiser Wilhelm and Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. Inhabitants of the old Polish capital gathered by the thousands to attend the ceremony. At present it is not possible to determine the frontiers of the state on the east, but guarantees of independence have been given by the central powers.

The above map shows the probable frontiers of the restored kingdom. As a buffer state on the east of the Teutonic powers it will offer a barrier to Russian attack. Under a German prince and with an army in accordance with Prussian military standards there would be little doubt as to its attitude in the European line-up of the future. 1. Western battle front. 2. Austro-Italian front. 3. Macedonian front. 4. Bulgar-Rumanian front. 5. Austro-German and Rumanian front. 6. Eastern front.

TALES FROM WILDS OF YUKON RELATED BY FRANK CARPENTER

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
(Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Fairbanks, Alaska.

THE winter is coming and Monte Terrill will have to go to jail that the public may be able to take care of him."

This remark gives in a nutshell one of the strange conditions that obtain in the heart of Alaska. This country has no accommodations for vagrants and no laws for the needy poor. It has one pioneer home, but that is at Sitka on Baranof Island about 2,000 miles from where Monte lives.

Monte Terrill is a character. His whole life has been a fight against misfortune and now, although blind and lame, he is not willing to give up the battle. I do not know his age, but he has long passed three score and ten. Years ago when he first came to the Klondike he was one of the most ambitious, determined and industrious of the sourdoughs. He underwent all sorts of hardships and one day when out trapping sank through some rotten ice he attempted to cross and was wet to the waist. The thermometer was 25 degrees below zero and his feet were frozen to such an extent that one had to be amputated to the ankle and the other taken off half way to the knee. He had a pair of artificial feet made, and with them again took up the battle of life. He got about so well on his wooden pins that but few knew of his troubles and he succeeded in obtaining a job with a gang working on the Copper River railroad. At that time he was quartered with a number of other men in a bunkhouse. He did not want his state known for fear he would lose his position. But one night when in his bunk, having taken off his false feet and laid them beside him, the string attached to one of them hung down and tickled the man in the bunk below. The man gave the string a jerk and the wooden foot came down and kicked him in the face. The man was a mean fellow and he reported Monte's condition to the boss, and as a result he was fired.

After that Monte went about doing odd jobs. He worked at anything he could get, drifting from camp to camp. Finally he settled in a cabin on the River Cheena, not far from Fairbanks, where he cut wood for the steamers. For several years he earned his living in that way. Then his eyesight failed, and it was pitiful to see how he tried to keep the people from knowing his misfortune. When he heard a man coming he would straighten up and start to walk about boldly, often running into a tree or a fence. He was offered assistance, but would not take it. Last year he was known to be suffering for lack of food and was arrested on a charge of vagrancy and sentenced to the jail for the winter. This was in order that the citizens might have a legal right to take care of him. Even then, he complained, saying he wanted to go back to his cabin, and that he knew he could in some way earn enough to care for himself.

The Marshal's Job.

The above story was told me by Mr. L. T. Erwin, who is now chief of police and United States marshal at Fairbanks. "Judge" Erwin came originally from a little town in Georgia, being born on the same street as Sam Jones. It is related that Sam Jones was eight years old at that time, and that he was anxious to see the new baby. When it was shown him, he remarked, "Oh, my, ain't he red."

Well, Marshal Erwin is still red, and he has a red hot job in Alaska. He has to keep order in a district half again as large as either Germany or France, and he does this with the aid of a large number of deputies. In the number of assistants employed, he tells me, his marshalship is second among the districts of the United States. The first is southern New York state, including New York City and Brooklyn. Its population is millions, and the marshal there has 26 deputies, who aid him in spending the $265,000 required for his duties. The second is this part of Alaska. The city has only twenty thousand population, but they are so scattered that 20 deputies are required to watch over them, and the annual expenses are $235,000. The annual per capita is high, but as to area it is not a dollar per square mile. The deputies are scattered over the whole country running from the Canadian boundary near Eagle to the Russian mission on the Lower Yukon and from the Arctic circle to the edge of the Kuskokwim region.

I have already written how well the mounted police keep order in the Yukon territory adjoining Alaska. Its men have the right to arrest criminals, investigate crimes and settle disputes on the ground. Here in Alaska the marshals and their deputies have to refer almost everything to Washington before they can act. When a crime is committed, not a cent can be spent to detect the criminal without authority from the attorney general, five or six thousand miles away.

Crime in Alaska.

I went with Marshal Erwin through the jail in Fairbanks. The criminals are kept in cages of iron, so arranged that they can be seen on all sides. There were nine in the cells at the time of my visit.

I asked the marshal as to the crime of this part of Alaska. He replied:

"The territory is supposed to be full of bad men, but that is a mistake. The order here is much better than in the southern states, where I was reared. You cannot pick up a Georgia newspaper, even now, without finding in it a report of one or more shooting affrays. I have lived in this district for 11 years, and during that time only one man has been killed with a pistol. There are but few people in the country who carry weapons, either openly or concealed. The murders that have been committed have been with guns, clubs or knives. During my term of three years as marshal there have been only two murders in my whole district."

"Have you the typical bad man who now and then comes in and shoots up the town?"

"No. I have been in Alaska 18 years and have never heard of such a case. Our people are law-abiding, and in that respect they stand as high as any people of the world. Burglary is almost unknown. I lived in Fairbanks eight years before I locked my door. The people will not stand for robberies. We have our strikes, but there is no bloodshed and no destruction of property."

It is surprising that there is not more crime in Fairbanks. The city is in the heart of the wilds, and it is surrounded by mining camps that have produced about $8,000,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets. At times the banks have been loaded with gold, and every camp has its bags of gold which are washed out at every clean-up. Gold is kept in cans and other common receptacles in the log cabins, and I have not yet seen a house that could not be easily broken into and robbed. Millions of dollars' worth of gold is annually carried out on the steamers that go down the Tanana and up the Yukon to White Horse. The present method of transporting this treasure is an old-fashioned iron safe which has handles on each side. The safe is left out in the open under the deck, the handles being chained to the mast.

In the past the gold was kept in a strong room, and now and then thefts were attempted. One day a sailor unscrewed the bars of the room and got out a box of dust and nuggets worth $13,000. He had a partner in the crime. The two men tied a rope to the box and fastened a life preserver to the other end of the rope. They then threw the box overboard, thinking the life preserver would act as a float and enable them to find the box when they came back later on. They also marked with their eye the place where it fell. At the next stopping of the steamer one of the men dropped into the water and swam to the bank. He went back up the river and looked for the gold, but could not find it. A little later the officers of the steamer found that the strongroom had been tampered with and that one of the boxes was missing. They caught the criminals and took them to Fairbanks. They were tried and sent to the penitentiary. The life preserver was afterward found by an Indian. The box of gold is still in the Yukon.

Alaskan Characters.

Fairbanks has long since become a settled community, but many of the customs of early mining days are still in effect. One is the habit of nick-

Continued on Page 12.

Think of It===

People cut out tea or coffee before retiring when these beverages interfere with sleep. In the morning they drink freely of them, strangely overlooking the fact that at whatever time of day the cup is drunk, the drug, caffeine, in tea and coffee is irritating to the nerves.

More and more people are turning to

Instant Postum

the drug-free, nourishing, comforting cereal drink.

"There's a Reason"

SYNOPSIS

PHILIP WEYMAN is on his way back to civilization after four years spent in the great North. Going ashore to eat he chances upon the first white woman he has seen for a long time. She asks him to help her out of great trouble and he consents to accompany her back to her home to live there as her husband. The girl, Josephine Adare, tells Philip he must leave her when the time comes. Accompanied by Jean Croisset, a trusted servant who knows the girl's secret, Weyman, as Philip Darcambal, the girl's husband, journeys to Adare House. The actions of Jean and Josephine mystify Philip further.

Philip is partially enlightened when Josephine shows him the baby whose father Philip represents before the girl's parents. The parents return as Philip declares his love to Josephine. A man whom Philip thinks is Jean Croisset, shoots at Philip through the window and the latter goes in pursuit, but the man escapes after a fight. Jean later explains that the stranger is his brother and really intended killing Adare. He then goes in pursuit. Philip talks with Josephine and offers to marry her secretly, but the girl tells him there is something more to prevent than the baby and informs Philip that he must leave Adare House in a month.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"A month is a long time, my Josephine," he whispered. "And after that month there are other months—years and years of them, and though it be years, my hope will live. You cannot destroy it, and some day, you will send word to me. Will you promise to do that?"

"If such a thing becomes possible, yes."

"Then I am satisfied," he said. "I am going to fight for you, Josephine. No man ever fought for a woman as I am going to fight for you. I don't know what this strange thing is that separates us. But I can think of nothing terrible enough to frighten me. I am going to fight, mentally and physically, day and night, until you are my own. I cannot lose you now. That will be what God never meant to be. I shall keep my promises to you. You have given me a month, and much can happen in that time. If at the end of the month I have failed—I will go. But you will not send me away. For I shall win!"

So sure was he, so filled with the conviction of his final triumph, so like a god to her in this moment of his greatest strength, that Josephine drew slowly away from him, her breath coming quickly, her eyes filled with the starlike pride and glory of the Woman who has found a Master. For a moment they stood facing each other in the white stillness of the forest, and in that moment there came to them the low and mourning wail of a dog beyond them. And then the full voice of the pack burst through the wilderness, a music that was wild and savage, and yet through which there ran a strange and plaintive note for Josephine.

"They have caught us in the wind," she said, holding out her hand to him. "Come, Philip. I want you to love my beasts."

CHAPTER XV.

After a little the trail through the thick spruce grew narrow and dark, and Josephine went ahead of Philip. He followed so close that he could reach out a hand and touch her. She had not replaced her hood. Her face was flushed and her lips parted and red when she turned to him now and then. His heart beat with a tumultous joy as he followed. A few moments before he had not spoken to her boastfully, or to keep up a falling spirit. He had given voice to what was in his heart, what was there now, telling him that she belonged to him, that she loved him, that there could be nothing in the world that would long stand between them.

The voice of the pack came to them stronger each moment, yet for a space it was unheard by him. His mind—all the senses he possessed—travelled no farther than the lithesome red and gold figure ahead of him. The thick strands of her braid had become partly undone, covering her waist and hips in a shimmering veil of gold. He wanted to touch that rare treasure with his hands. He was filled with the desire to stop her, and hold her close in his arms. And yet he knew that this was a thing which he must not do. For him she had risen above a thing merely physical. Teh touching of her hair, her lips, her face, were no longer the first passions of love with him. And because Josephine knew these things rose the joyous flush in her face and the wonder-light in her eyes. The still, deep forests had long ago brought her dreams of this man. And these same forests seemed to whisper to Philip that her beauty was a part of her soul, and that it was not to be desecrated in such moments of desire as he was fighting back in himself now.

Suddenly she ran a little ahead of him, and then stopped. A moment later he stood at her side. They were peering into what looked like a great, dimly lighted and carpeted hall. For the space of a hundred feet in diameter the spruce had been thinned out. The trees that remained were lopped of their lower branches, leaving their upper parts crowding in a dense shelter that shut out cold and storm. No snow had filtered through their tops, and on the ground lay cedar and balsam needles two inches deep a brown and velvety carpet that shone with the deep lustre of a Persian rug.

The place was filled with moving shapes and with gleaming eyes that were half fire in the gloom. Here were leashed the forty fierce and wolfish beasts of the pack. The dogs had ceased their loud clamour, and at sight of Josephine and sound of her voice, as she cried out greeting to them, there ran through the whole space a whining and a clinking of chains, and with that a snapping of jaws that sent a monentary shiver up Philip's back.

Josephine took him by the hand now. With him she ran in among them, calling out their names, laughing with them, caressing the shaggy heads that were thrust against her—until it seemed to Philip that every beast in the pit was straining at the end of his chain to get at them and rend them into pieces. And yet, above this thought, the nervousness that he could not fight it out of himself, rose the wonder of it all.

Philip had seen a husky snap off a man's hand at a single lunge; he knew it was a creature of the whip and the club, with the hatred of men inborn in it from the wolf. What he looked on now filled him with a sort of awe—and a fear for Josephine. He gave a warning cry and half drew his pistol when she dropped on her knees and flung her arms about the shaggy head of a huge beast that could have torn the life from her in an instant. She looked up at him, laughing, the inch-long fangs of Captain, the lead-dog, gleaming in brute happiness close to her soft, flushed face.

"Don't be afraid, Philip!" she cried. "They are my pets—all of them. This is Captain, who leads my sledge team. Isn't he magnificent?"

"Good God!" breathed Philip, looking about him. "I know something of sledge-dogs, Josephine. These are not from mongrel breeds. There are no hounds, no malemutes, none of the soft-footed breeds here. They are wolf!"

She rose and stood beside him, panting, triumphant, glorious.

"Yes—they've all got the strain of wolf," she said. "That is why I love them, Philip. They are of the forests. And I have made them love me!"

A yellow beast, with small, dangerous eyes, was leaping fiercely at the end of his chain close to them. Philip pointed to him.

"And you would trust yourself there?" he exclaimed, catching her by the arm.

"That is Hero," she said. "Once his name was Soldier. Three years ago a man from Thoreau's Place offered me an insult in the woods, and Soldier almost killed him. He would have killed him if I had not dragged him off. From that day I called him Hero. He is a quarter-strain wolf."

She went to the husky, and the yellow giant leaped up against her, so that her arms were about him, with his wolfish muzzle reaching for her face. Under the cedars Philip's face was as white as the snow out in the open. Josephine saw this, and came and put her arm through his fondly.

"You are afraid for me, Philip?" she asked, with a litle laugh of pleasure at his anxiety. "You mustn't be, for you must love them—for my sake. I have brought them all up from puppyhood. And they would fight for me—just as you would fight for me, Philip. Once I was lost in a storm. Father turned the dogs loose. And they found me—miles and miles away. When you hear the wonderful stories I have to tell about them you will love them. They will not harm you. They will harm nothing that I have touched. I have taught them that. I am going to unleash them now. Metoosin is coming along the trail with their frozen fish."

Before she had moved, Philip went straight up to the yellow creature that she had told him was a quarter wolf.

"Hero," he spoke softly. "Hero——"

He held out his hands. The giant husky's eyes burned a deeper glow; for an instant his upper lip drew back, baring his stilettolike fangs, and the hair along his neck and back stood up like a brush. Then, inch by inch, his muzzle drew nearer to Philip's steady hand, and a low whine rose in his throat. His crest dropped, his ears shot forward a little, and Philip's hand rested on the wolfish head.

"That is proof," he laughed, turning to Josephine. "If he had snapped off my hand I would say that you were wrong."

She passed quickly from one dog to another now, with Philip close at her side, and from the collar of each dog she snapped the chain. After she had freed a dozen, Philip began to help her. A few of the huskies snarled at him. Others accepted him already as a part of her. Yet in their eyes he saw the smouldering menace, the fire that wanted only a word from her to turn them into a horde of tearing demons.

At first he was startled by Josephine's confidence in them. Then he was only amazed. She was not only unafraid herself; she was unafraid for him. She knew that they would not touch him. When they were all free the pack gathered in close about them, and then Josephine came and stood at Philip's side ,and put her hands to his shoulders. Thus she stood for a few moments, half facing the dogs, calling their names again; and they crowded up still closer about them, until Philip fancied he could feel their warm breath.

"They have all seen me with you now," she cried after that. "They have seen me touch you. Not one of them will snap at you after this."

The dogs swept on ahead of them in a great wave as they left the spruce shelter. Out in the clear light Philip drew a deep breath. He had never seen anything like this pack. They crowded shoulder to shoulder, body to body, in the open trail. Most of them were the tawny dun and gray and yellow of the wolf. There were a few blacks, and a few pure whites, but none that wore the mongrel spots of the soft-footed and softer-throated dogs from the south.

He shivered as he measured the pent-up power, the destructive possibilities of the whining, snapping, living sea of sinew and fang ahead of them. And they were Josephine's! They were her slaves! What need had she of his protection? What account would be the insignificant automatic at his side in the face of this wild horde that awaited only a word from her? What could there be in these forests that she feared, with them at her command? Ten men with rifles could not have stood in the face of their first mad rush—and yet she had told him that everything depended upon his protection. But it could not be. He spoke his thoughts aloud, pointing to the dogs:

"What danger can there be in this world that you need fear—with them?" he asked. "I don't understand. I can't guess."

"Please don't try to understand," she answered in a low voice. "They would fight for me. I have seen them tear a wolf-pack into shreds. And I have called them back from the throat of a wind-run deer, so that not a hair of her was harmed. But, Philip, I guess that sometimes mistakes were made in the creation of things. They have a brain. But it isn't reason!"

"You mean——" he cried.

"That you, a man, unarmed, alone, are still their master," she interrupted him. "In the face of reason they are powerless. See, there comes Metoosin with the frozen fish! What if he were a stranger and the fish were poisoned?"

"I understand," he replied. "But others drive them besides you?"

"Only those very near to the family. Twenty of them are used in the traces. The others are my companions—my bodyguard, I call them."

Metoosin approached them now, weighted down under a heavy load in a gunny-sack, and Philip believed that he recoghized in the silent Indian the man whom he had first seen at the door of Adare House with a rifle in his hands. At a few commands from Josephine the dogs gathered about them, and Metoosin opened the bag.

"I want you to throw them the fish, Philip," said Josephine. "Their brains comprehend the hand that feeds them. It is a sort of pledge of friendship between you and them."

With Metoosin she drew a dozen steps back, and Philip found that he had become the centre of interest for the pack. One by one he pulled out the fish. Snapping jaws met the frozen feast in midair. There was no fighting—no vengeful jealousy of fang. Once when a gray and yellow husky snapped at a fish already in the jaws of another, Josephine reprimanded him sharply, and at the sound of his name he slunk back. One by one Philip threw out the fish until they were all gone. Then he stood and looked down upon the flat-bellied pack, listening to the crunching of bones and frozen flesh, and Josephine came and stood beside him again.

Suddenly he felt her start. He looked up, and saw that her face was turned down the trail. He had caught the quick change in her eyes, the swift tenseness that flashed for an instant in her mouth. The vivid colour in her face had paled. She looked again as he had seen her for that short space at the door in Miriam's room. He followed the direction of her eyes.

A hundred yards away two figures were advancing toward them. One was her father, the master of Adare. And on his arm was Miriam his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

The strange effect upon Jesephine of the unexpected appearance of Adare and his wife passed as quickly as it had come. When Philip looked at her again she was waving a hand and smiling. Adare's voice came booming up the trail. He saw Miriam laughing. Yet in spite of himself—even as he returned Adare's greeting—he could not keep himself from looking at the two women with curious emotions.

"This is rank mutiny," cried Adare, as they came up. "I told them they must sleep until noon. I have already punished Miriam. And you, Mignonne? Does Philip let you off too easily?"

Adare's wife had given Philip her hand. A few hour's rest had brightened her eyes and brought colour into her face. She looked still younger, still more beautiful. And Adare was riotous with joy because of it.

"Look at you mother, Josephine," he commanded in a hoarse whisper, meant for all to hear. "I said the forests would do more than a thousand doctors in Montreal!"

"You do look splendid, Mikawe," said Josephine, slipipng an arm about her mother's waist.

Adare had turned into a sudden volley of greetings to the feasting dogs, and for another moment Philip's eyes were on mother and daughter. Josephine was the taller of the two by half a head. Josephine was more like her father. He noted that the colour had not returned fully into her cheeks, while the flush in Miriam's face had deepened. There was something forced in Josephine's laugh, a note that was unreal and make-believe, as she turned to Philip.

"Isn't my mother wonderful, Philip? I call her Mikawe because that means a little more than Mother in Cree—something that is almost undying and spiritlike. You will never grow old, my little mother!"

"Ponce de Leon made a great mistake when he didn't search in these forests for his fountain of eternal youth," said Adare, laying a hand on Philip's shoulder. "Would you guess that it was twenty-two years ago a month from today that she came to be mistress of Adare House? And you, Ma Cheri," added Adare tenderly, taking his wife by the hand, "Do you remember that it was over this same trail that we took our first walk—from home? We went to the Chasm."

"Yes, I remember."

"And here—where we stand—the wood violets were so thick they left perfume on our boots."

"And you made me a wreath of them—with the red bakneesh," said Miriam softly.

"And braided it in your hair."

"Yes."

She was breathing a little more quickly. For a moment it seemed as if these two had forgotten Philip and Josephine. Their eyes had turned to each other.

"Twenty-two years ago—a month from today!" repeated Josephine.

It seemed as if she had spoken the words that Philip might catch their hidden meaning.

Adare straightened with a sudden idea.

"On that day we shall have a great anniversary feast," he declared. "We will ask every soul—red and white—for a hundred miles about, with the exception of the rogues over at Thoreau's Place! What do you say, Philip?"

"Splendid!" cried Philip, catching triumphantly at this straw in the face of Josephine's plans for him. He loked straight into her eyes as he spoke. "A month from today these forests shall ring with our joy. And there will be a reason for it—more than one!"

She could not misunderstand that! And Philip's heart beat joyously as Josephine turned quickly to her mother the colour flooding to the tips of her ears.

The dogs had eaten their fish and were crowding about them. For the first time Adare seemed to notice Metoosin, who had stood motionless twenty paces behind them.

"Where is Jean?" he asked.

Josephine shook her head.

"I haven't seen him since last night."

"I had almost forgotten what I believe he intended me to tell you," said Philip. "He has gone somewhere in the forest. He may be away all day."

Philip saw the anxious look that crept into Josephine's eyes. She looked at him closely, questioningly, yet he guessed that beyond what he had said she wanted him to remain silent. A little later, when Adare and his wife were walking ahead of them, she asked:

"Where is Jean? What did he tell you last night?"

Philip remembered Jean's warning.

"I cannot tell you," he replied evasively. "Perhaps he has gone to reconnoitre for—game."

"You are true," she breathed softly. "I guess I understand. Jean doesn't want me to know. But after I went to bed I lay awake a long time and thought of you—out in the night with that gun in your hand. I can't believe that you were there simply because of a noise, as you said. A man like you doesn't hunt for a noise with a pistol, Philip. What is the matter with your arm?"

The directness of her question startled him.

"Why do you ask that?" he managed to stammer.

"You have flinched twice when I touched it—this arm."

"A trifle," he assured her. "It should have healed by this time."

She smiled straight up into his eyes.

"You are too true to tell me fairy stories in a way that I must believe them, Philip. Day before yesterday your sleeves were up when you were paddling, and there was nothing wrong with this arm—this forearm—then. But I'm not going to question you. You don't want me to know."

In the same breath she called his attention to her father and mother. "I told you they were lovers! Look!"

As if she had been a little child John Adare had taken his wife up in his arms and sat her high on the trunk of a fallen tree that was still held four or five feet above the ground by a crippled spruce. Philip heard him laugh. He saw the wife lean over, still clinging for safety to her husband's shoulders.

"It is beautiful," he said.

Josephine spoke as if she had not heard him.

"I do not believe there is another man in the world quite like my father. I cannot understand how a woman could cease to love such a man as he even for a day—an hour. She couldn't forget, could she?"

There was something almost plaintive in her question. As if she feared an answer, she went on quickly:

"He has made her happy. She is almost forty—thirty-nine her last birthday. She does not look that old. She has been happy. Only happiness keeps one young. And he is fifty. If it wasn't for his beard, I believe he would appear ten years younger. I have never known him without a beard. I like him that way. It makes him look 'beasty'—and I love beasts."

She ran ahead of him, and John Adare lifted his wife down from the tree when they joined them. This time Josephine took her mother's arm. At the door to Adare House she turned to the two men, and said:

"Mother and I have a great deal to talk over, and we are scheming not to see you again until dinner time. Little Daddy, you can go to your foxes. And please keep Philip out of mischief."

The dogs had followed her close to the door. As the men entered after Josephine and her mother, Philip paused for a moment to look at the pack. A dozen of them had already settled themselves upon their bellies in the snow.

"The Grand Guard," chuckled Adare, waiting for him. "Come, Philip. I'm going to follow Mignonne's suggestion and do some work on my foxes. Jean had a splendid surprise for me when I returned—a magnificent black. This is the dull season, when I can amuse myself only by writing and experimenting. A litt'e later, when the furs begin to come in, there will be plenty of life at Adare House."

"Do you buy many furs?" asked Philip.

"Yes. But not because I am in the business for money. Josephine got me into it because of her love for the forest people." He led the way into his big study, and added, as he threw off his cap and coat: "You know they have been starving for more than two hundred years—these men, women, and little children of the trap-lines. You have noticed how thin-waisted they are. It's the result of two centuries of hunger. The Big Company has been just good enough to keep them alive.

To Be Continued.

This Spy Is Clever.

A nurse entering Holland from Germany had a "broken" arm that was encased in plaster of paris. Arriving at teh frontier, where everyone has to submit to search, the military guard demanded that the casing be clipped open. When the cast was broken some 80 letters lay exposed. The arm was perfectly whole and healthy.

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THE LATEST MARKETS

Toledo, Nov. 12.—Two-dollar wheat dollar corn, $1.50 rye and 60 1-2-cent oats were the prices that smashed all records as the result of the first day's trading this week in the local grain market. Traders went wild as the prices soared, many holding considerable wheat and accumulating large profits. May wheat was 8 1-2c over the prices a week ago. World's shortage and heavy war export demand are the reasons for the wheat advance. Reports today told of serious damage to the Argentina wheat crop because of weather conditions. Butter is up 1-2c and eggs have advanced 3c. Cheese was also higher. Lard and other dressed meats were strong. Flour mounted further toward the $12 mark.

Grain.

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.94; December, $1.95; May, $2.01. Corn—Cash, $1.07; December, $1.02 1-2; May, $1.01. Oats—cash, 59c; December, 61c; May, 65c. Clover seed—Cash, $10.85; December $10.95; January, $11.05; February, $11.15; March, $11.00; April $10.40. Rye—No. 2, cash, $1.50. Alsike—Cash, $10.55; December, $10.65; March, $10.90. Timothy—Cash, $2.45; December, $2.50; March, $2.65.

Chicago wheat—December, $1.89 3-8; May, $1.94 1-4; July, $1.60 1-2. Corn—December, 99c; May, 99 1-8c; July, 98 7-8c. Oats—December, 58 3-8c; May, 62 3-8c.

Minneapolis — Wheat, December, $1.96 3-4c; May, $1.98 3-4c.

Duluth—Wheat, December, $1.99; May, $1.98 7-8c.

Produce.

Toledo — Butter — Fancy Elgin creamery, 39c; 1-lb. prints, 39 1-2c; solid pack, 39c; process, per 20-lb. tubs pails and prints, 33½c; 10-lb. tubs, 34c; oleo, 20@23c. Cheese—Choice Michigan, 24 1-2@25c; York State, 25c; brick 25@26c; limburger, New York, 2-lb., 26c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 25c; block Swiss, 32c; domestic Swiss, 38c; imported, 60c; Roquefort, 70c; Longhorn, 24 1-2c. Eggs—Fresh, candled, 38c; strictyy fresh, 43c; storage, 35c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 13c; heavy roughs, 11½@12c. Calves, 14@15c Spring lambs, 15@16c. Fowls—Alive, 15c. Turkeys—Alive, 20@22c. Ducks — Alive, 16@17c. Geese—Alive, 15c. Lambs —Yearlings, 12@14c; sheep, 10@12c. Steer Beef—Good, 12@13c; light, 10@11c; cow beef, extra good, 8@10c. Heifers —9@10c. Bulls, 8@9c.

Lard, 18c. Bacon—Fat, 19 1-2c; lean, 25c; wide, 6 to 8-lbs., 22½c; 8 to 10-lbs., 21½c. Barrel Pork—Clear pork, $27.00; hams, sugar cured, 19½c; shoulders, 15c; luncheon sausage, 19c; fresh pork sausage, 16c; bologna, 14 1-2c; frankfurters, 16c; garlic sausage, 14½c; dried beef inside, 23c; knuckles, 28c.

Hides—No. 1, 19c; No. 2, 18c; bulls 15c; green calf, No. 1, 35c; No. 2, 34c; kip, 29c; No. 2 kip, 28c; sheep pelts, $1.00@1.50; horse hides, $4.00@5.50.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $14.00; No. 2 timothy, $12.50; light mixed, $13.00; No. 1 mixed, $12.00; No. 1 clover hay, $12.00; oat straw, $8.00.

Flour, feed and salt—Spring wheat flour, per bbl., $11.25@11.75; winter patents, $10.25@10.75 per bbl.; family flour, $9.00@9.25 per bbl.; graham flour, $4.00 per cwt. Purina whole wheat, per bbl., $10.25. Mill feed—Per ton, bran, $32.00@34.00; brown middlings, $36.00@37.00; white middlings, $38.00@40.00; coarse meal, $2.25 per cwt.; chop feed, $40.00; old process meal, $46.00@48.00; union grains, $36.00@38.00. Cottonseed meal, $46.00@48.00. Straw, (buying price)—Tight pressed, per ton, $5.00@6.00; loose, bale, 25c. Corn—Shelled, bu., $1.10@1.20; old corn, $1.40 per cwt.; new, $1.10. Oats—60@65c.

Corn Meal—New, kiln dried, 100 lbs. $2.40@2.60. Salt—Michigan common, $1.25 per bbl.; Retsof packing per ton, $8; salt, per bag, 90c; lump stock salt, $21.00 per ton. Scratch feed — 100 lbs., $2.50@2.75; beef scrap, 100 lbs., $3.00@3.25; 60 per cent tankage, $2.85 per 100 lbs.

New York—Flour unsettled; spring patents, $9.60@9.85; winter patents, $8.85@9.10; winter straights, $8.50@8.65; Kansas straights, $9.60@9.85.

Pork unsettled; mess, $31.00@32.00; family, $32.00@34.00; short clear, $28.50@30.50. Beef unsettled; mess $22.50@23.00; family, $25.50@27.00. Lard easy; middle west, $17.60@17.70. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 40@50c. Hay firm; No. 1, $1.05@1.10; No. 2, $1.00; No. 3, 90c; shipping, 80c. Hides firm; Bogota, 44½@45c; Central America, 41@41½c. Leather firm; hemlock firts, 52c; seconds, 50c.

Butter, firm; receipts, 7,042 tubs; creamery, higher than extras, 38½@39c; creamery, extras, (92 score), 37¾@38c; firsts, 36@37¼c; seconds, 34½@35¾c. Eggs, firm, receipts, 7,747 cases; fresh gathered, extra fine, 43@45c; extra firsts, 41@42c; firsts, 38@40c; seconds, 35@37c; nearby hennery, whites, fine to fancy, 62@68c; nearby hennery, browns, 46@52c. Cheese, firm; receipts 2,605 boxes; state, fresh specials, 23¼c; average fancy, 23c. Live poultry, firmer; no prices settled; dressed, dull; chickens, 19½@31c; fowls, 14½@22c; turkeys, 19@30c.

Chicago.—Butter firm; creamery, 33@36½c. Eggs higher; receipts, 2,984 cases; first, 34@35c; ordinary firsts, 32@33½c; at mark, cases included, 28@34c. Potatoes steady; receipts 75 cars; Minnesota and Dakota white, $1.50@1.60; Minnesota and Dakota Ohios, $1.45@1.55; Michigan and Wisconsin white, $1.50@1.60. Poultry, alive higher; fowls, 14½c; springs, 17c.

Cleveland.—Butter—Creamery extras in solids, 39½@40c; prints, 40½@41c; firsts 38½@39c; seconds, 36@36½c; process, extras, 32½@33c; do. seconds, 31@31½c; dairy extras, 34@36c; packing stock No. 1, 29c; No. 2, 27c. Oleomargarine, high grade, natural color, in one pound prints, 22c; natural color, low grade, 16c; white, high grade, 21c; low grade, 17c; pastry, 15½c; bakeall, 15½c solid basis. Cheese—American, whole milk, fancy twins and flats, 20@21c; brick, fancy 24@25c; Swiss, fancy, 30@32c; blocks, 27@28c; limburger, 19@20c. Eggs—Free cases, current receipts, 37c; do. seconds, 31c; cold storage, extras, 34c; do. firsts, 33c a dozen. Poultry—Live fowls, heavy, 17@17½c; do. light, 13@14c; spring chickens, 17c; spring ducks, 15@18c; geese, 14@17c; turkeys, 23@25c. Rabbits, $1.25@1.75 a dozen. Potatoes —Choice white jobbing, (in sacks). $1.85 a bu.; No. 2, $1.75 a bu. Sweet potatoes—Virginia, $2.75@3.00; do., $1.10@1.15 a hamper; Jerseys, $1.35@$1.40 a hamper; do., $4.50@4.60 a bu.

Live Stock.

Chicago.—Hogs — Receipts, 54,000; market firm at Saturday's average to 5c higher; bulk, $9.40@10.05; light, $8.85@9.95; mixed $9.40@10.20; heavy, $9.60@10.25; rough, $9.60@9.75; pigs, $6.75@8.60. Cattle—Receipts, 38,000; market weak; native beef cattle, $6.90@11.90; western steers, $6.60@9.90; stockers and feeders, $4.75@7.90; cows and heifers, $3.65@9.60; calves, $8.25@11.75. Sheep—Receipts, 40,000; market weak; wethers, $7.80@8.85; lambs, $8.75@11.75.

Pittsburgh.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,900; market active. Hogs—Receipts, 9,800; market higher; prime heavies, $10.20@10.25; heavy mixed $10.10@10.15; mediums, $9.90@10.00; heavy yorkers, $9.75@10.00; light yorkers, $9.40@9.50; pigs, $8.50@9.00; roughs, $7.75@9.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4,000; market higher; top sheep, $8.25; top lambs, $11.50. Calves—Receipts, 800; market steady; top, $12.50.

East Buffalo, N. Y.—Cattle Receipts 5,200; active; shipping steers, $7.50@10.50; butchers, $6.00@9.00; heifers, $5.00@7.85; cows, $3.25@7.25; bulls, $5.00@7.00; stockers and feeders, $5.00@7.25; fresh cows and springers active and steady; $50.00@115.00. Veals—Receipts, 800; slow; $4.50@13.50. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; active; heavy, $10.40@10.50; mixed, $10.25@10.40; Yorkers, $10.20@10.25; light Yorkers, $9.50@9.75; pigs, $9.25; roughs, $9.25@9.40; stags, $7.50@8.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6,000; active; lambs, $7.00@$12.00; yearlings, $5.50@9.50; wethers, $8.00@8.50; ewes, $3.00@7.75; mixed sheep, $7.75@8.00.

Cleveland.—Hogs — Receipts, 8,500; market lower; yorkers, $9.80@9.90; mixed, $9.90@10.00; pigs, $8.70; roughs, $8.95. Cattle—Receipts, 60 cars; market slow; top, $9.00; calves, slow, top, $12.50. Sheep—Receipts, 20 cars; market steady; top, $8.00; lambs, steady; top, $11.00.

FANCY VEST TAKES HIS EYE; TAKES IT; 30 DAYS

The desire for a fancy vest proved the undoing of Jesse Trombley of Iowa.

Trombley espied a sporty looking vest hanging on the wall in a factory. He donned it. J. V. Birch, who owned the vest, filed a charge of larceny against Trombley.

Thirty days.

The Concrete Trough.

Concrete troughs are more permanent and sanitary than almost any other material, says a writer. Feed mixing troughs, wet food troughs and dipping vats are easily constructed with concrete and it does not require any exceptional knowledge but a few fundamental principles that any farmer can understand. The work is a pleasure and the cost comparatively small when the product is considered. To make an article with a smooth finish the surface is covered by painting a rich mix upon it of cement and sand that is done after the concrete is set. Besides the rich mix can be leveled with a trowel to get a smooth surface.

It is always better to provide in the beginning for everything. That's why I always make my forms of the take-down variety. They can be used indefinitely and often be used in larger work.

Decide first upon the size of trough needed. Then make a form the shape and size desired and put it together with screws. Remember that concrete work demands thickness and the thickness depends upon the strain it must bear and the changes of temperature exposure. It is better to have an article too thick than too thin. However, my trough for feed mixing is two inches. For a vessel under the pump I prefer four to six inches.

Suppose the finished trough is to be six inches thick on the sides and base. Make the form for the outside frame. Then make a smaller form that is six inches less in width and depth than the first. Set the small form into the large form. List it up so that the top edges are flush and nail strips of wood across the small form to support upon the edge of the large one. Nail them securely and use several.

If an outlet and overflow is desired provide for it now. Set the two forms in position and drill a hole at least 1½ inches through both forms. Fit a wedge-shaped plug into that hole to extend from the outside of the large box through into the inside of the inner form. Remove the inner form.

Fill in the bottom of the large form with a 1-2-4 mixture of concrete and set the small form into place. Fill concrete down between the sides and have the plug into the hole or holes for the outlet and overflow. Overflow the mixture and tamp it down till all bubbles or air escapes. Let it set several days and then remove the forms. If a smooth surface is desired and such is best for mixing troughs, then paint a rich concrete mixture on the surface composed of cement and sand.

FARM BRIEFS

Celery plants should not be handled unless dry.

Feed the sow well so her pigs do not pull her down in flesh.

Experiments conducted by the Ohio experiment station during seven years and including eight different rates of seeding with 10 varities of wheat show that eight pecks to the acre give the greatest yield of grain. Figures given in the station's monthly bulletin for August point in general to a gradual increase in yield from the use of three pecks to nine pecks per acre, but seeding more than eight pecks to the acre has not paid for the extra seed.

By tying the cauliflower leaves over the head, more attractive, white, clean looking heads will result, which will bring a better price in the market.

Good fences are needed all over the farm, but especially should those around the garden be good.

Smoking should never be permitted around the buildings.

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to the readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience which will be the most valuable answers.

Will someone kindly tell me through the Farmstead columns whether there is any practical way in which a small crop of about 100 bushels of navy beans could be threshed out so it wouldn't be necessary to move a common threshing outfit for some distance to do the work?—H., South Dakota.

I would like to have some reader of the Farmstead tell me what is the matter with my hens. Three of them have died recently. They have the symptoms of chickens afflicted with the gapes. They breathe hard, gasping for breath and getting purple in the head. I examined the windpipes, but there is nothing in them. They are not too fat or don't have colds.—C., Indiana.

POULTRY

Troughs for Feeding.

There are domineering hens in every flock which keep the timid ones in a constant state of fear and subjection. When food is given in a trough where the hens can eat their fill, the domineering hens keep some of the others back and often eat twice as much as their share, while the less fortunate ones do not get enough. The result is both fat and skinny fowls in the same flock—which is always undesirable.

The way to avoid it is not to feed in troughs entirely, but to feed pretty largely of dry grains, cracked grains and seeds, and scatter them in a deep litter that compels every hen to hunt and scratch for her share, thus giving each one an equal opportunity.

Troughs or their equivalent are necessary, however, when mashes and soft foods are fed; and to avoid monopoly by a few fowls always have several small troughs placed some little distance apart rather than put all the feed in one large trough.

Any plan in feeding is good that makes the hens take plenty of time in picking up their food, instead of stuffing their crops in a short time, as they will then not only get more nearly equal portions, but also digest a larger amount of the food consumed.

Dust Baths.

Laying hens must have their morning dust bath if they are to lay the maximum number of eggs during the winter. It is a necessary luxury for them. By its use they are enabled to rid themselves of mites and to remove all scales and dirt from the skin.

Lice and mites do their greatest injury to the fowls at night while on the roost. Instinctively they look for a place to dust in the morning. Do not force your hens to dust in the droppings or feed litter. During the summer they will usually find their own dusting place such as the road or in the shade of trees and shrubbery, but in the winter it must be provided for them. Nail an old grocery box in one corner of the house. Elevate it above the floor so that it will not get filled with straw or litter and put in six or eight inches of dusting material. During moderate weather their box may be placed out in the pen.

To be effective the dusting material must be very light and dry, and fine enough to fill the breathing pores of the mites and lice. The finer the better.

A good dusting material is composed of equal parts of fine sand, road dust and sifted coal ashes. A cupful of kerosene and a handful of sulphur thoroughly mixed with the dust will make the dust bath still more effective.

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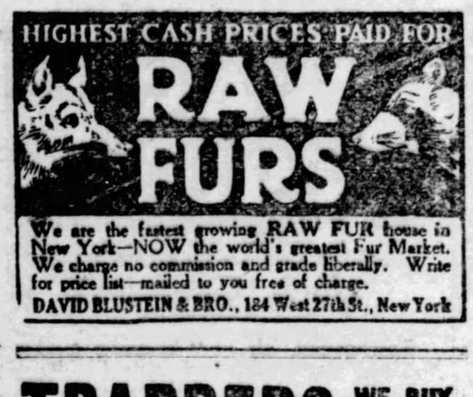
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TRAPPING

Trapping Outfit

With the cold days of November, men and boys begin to plan for the hunting and trapping of fur-bearing animals. Guns are carefully gone over and oiled so that everything may be in readiness when the calendar shows the season is open.

Some states do not protect their game and fur-bearing creatures. They may be hunted and trapped at any time, but it is a shortsighted sportsman who will take an animal before its coat of fur becomes good.

It is really a crime to set out traps before the middle of October, and in most sections it is best to wait until November 1. Fur houses report that trappers and hunters sometimes double their profits by waiting till the furs become prime. They then command better prices than early in the season.

Among the animals whose furs are valuable, and which commonly abound on farms, are the skunk, coon, mink, muskrat and opossum. All of these may be taken in traps. Time spent now in getting the traps ready and replacing any that are broken will save delay when the active trapping season begins. In buying supplies, baits and traps, get only the best. While the first cost may seem high, the best goods are most reliable, and, as they will take more animals the total returns will justify the expenditure.

GARDEN

Garden Compost

Well-rotted manure is better than fresh manure for gardens. It is also cheaper than commercial fertilizers in these war times when the supplies of some fertilizers are cut off by the blockade and the materials used in making others are very high in price because they are used in making explosives. Composted manure is as good or better than the ordinary well-rotted article and very much cheaper because more can be saved and much less is wasted by being washed away or leaching into the soil while rotting. It is a better balanced plant food and does not produce so much leaf and vine instead of the fruit or roots for which most garden crops are grown.

Such a compost pile should be made every year, not only for garden use, but for use in potting house and greenhouse plants. Directions for making are as follows: Select a level, well-drained spot as near the barn door as possible, where the wash cannot go through the pile and wash out the plant food. Dig away three or four inches of the looser surface soil over a strip four feet wide and as long as desired

Fill the hole with well-rotted or composted manure and pile on top of this alternate six-inch layers of fresh manure and weeds or sod, mixed with some earth, until the pile is about waist high. The weed seed will be killed in the process if the heap is properly handled, and an addition of such extra material as leaves and straw increases the amount of compost obtained from a given amount of manure. When many leaves are used, add lime to make them decay more quickly and sweeten the acid condition they produce.

The whole pile should be covered with a thin layer of earth to help absorb the ammonia and many other valuable plant foods which escape in the vapor. Keep pile wet, but not so well soaked that water runs from it and carries away the plant food. Fork over and rebuild the pile every six or eight weeks and cover it again with earth. Composting should be completed in from six months to a year, depending on the kind of material used and whether lime and water have been used to hasten decay.

From 10 to 15 tons of compost should be added per acre, or a little more than if undiluted manure had been used. Lighter applications should be for fruit and root crops, like beans, tomatoes, potatoes and beets, than for leaf crops like lettuce and cabbage which can use a great deal of rich food.

Storing Pumpkins.

Stock that positively refuse to eat pumpkins early in the fall will often eat them readily in the winter months after green and succulent stuff has been frozen, and of course they are a valuable addition to the regular feeds.

Pumpkins may be stored in an ordinary barn, but must be well covered with straw, hay or clover shaff when freezing weather arrives. Only sound, well-matured pumpkins should be stored, green ones being fed first. It is also important that pumpkins be hauled under shelter before heavy frost, as this greatly impairs their keeping quality.

We always aim to have at least a foot of packed straw in the bottom of the wagon bed in which we haul them from the field, says a writer. Care is also taken in breaking the stems, as the stem should be broken and not broken out with a piece of the pumpkin adhering. In case the stem breaks out a piece of the pumpkin, it is necessary to store that particular pumpkin with the wound down, as the exuding juices will then drip out instead of settling in the wound, causing fermentation to set up, and consequently decay of the pumpkin. This will also hold true in the case of a heavy stem puncture. Care should be taken in the hauling and handling about stems puncturing other pumpkins which they come in contact with. Whether the pumpkins have been grown in a patch or in a cornfield, they should be carried into windrows, that they may be gathered into the wagon more rapidly. It is well to sort in the field, placing the ripe ones in one end of the wagon, and the green ones in the other.

If two or more hands may be had in the hauling the best method of unloading is by pitching, one to another. We rarely store them over three feet deep, and quite often give them their first sorting before they are covered for the winter.

It is sometimes necessary to sort them several times. For covering, hay or straw will do, but clover chaff is much better, as it excludes the cold more effectively. The covering may be added as the weather grows colder, and after the pumpkins once freeze up, it is well to keep them well covered to keep them frozen, for when they thaw out they go down "all in a wad." However, I presume they are as good for hog feed, except that over half the water is gone. When the pumpkins are frozen and you wish to feed them they can be thrown in a brook or other water and thawed out. In most cellars pumpkins will absolutely not keep; this is usually because they are too damp.

Hotbeds in Fall.

There are many hotbeds that are not put to use after growing spring plants. This valuable space can be used to good advantage by growing lettuce, green onions and late radishes. The soil that was used last spring will be all right for this. The common onion sets will, if planted close and deep, give a very fine crop of green onions. If these are not available, the onions that have been grown for winter use will likely have some very small ones among them that will serve a splendid purpose in this way. Or the winter onion sets can be used.

These are simply suggestions. Each gardener will know what will suit his special conditions. However, the careful, diligent use of hotbeds during late fall and early winter will help to shorten the period that would otherwise intervene between the last fall and the first spring vegetables. Let us put each sash to work.—S. W. Moore, Horticulturist Ohio State Farms.

DAIRY

Caring for Calf

If you are ready to admit that a cow's milk is too good for a cow's calf and that it is economically profitable to rob the future cow for the sake of present gains, then it is quite necessary to know how to raise calves on separator milk or other artificial and unnatural foods.

The usual practice is to pour separator milk, sometimes cold, into a large trough which is never cleaned, and allow the calves to drink until they are satisfied. This method means pot-bellied, runty calves that never make the growth that they should, even though they fortunately escape the ravages of indigestion.

Calves should be given not quite enough milk to satisfy their appetites. Each calf should be fed separately, carefully regulating the amount of milk by the size of the calf. The fat that has been removed by the separator may, in a way, be supplied by adding a handful of cornmeal, or flaxseed meal to each bucket of milk. After drinking the milk, the calf will be kept busy eating the meal instead of sucking another calf's ears. The milk should always be warm, but never given to the calf directly from the separator, when it is frothy.

The milk buckets should be taken to the milkhouse or kitchen and sterilized at least once a day. Calves will soon begin to eat a little hay, and grain, like ground oats, should thereafter constitute part of the food ration.

If it pays to raise calves at all it pays to feed and care for them from the day they are born. Farm sanitation is the all-important thing in the care of live stock on the farm.—George H. Glover, Colorado Agricultural College.

Care of Cream.

The density of the cream is one of the most important factors in the success or failure of a creamery. Thin cream is chiefly responsible for the abnormal loss of butterfat and quality of butter and hence the low price paid the patrons for butterfat.

Heavy cream means better quality of butter for four important reasons: Heavy cream does not sour as quickly as thin cream; it means a smaller amount to be taken care of, hence is likely to be more thoroughly cooled and cared for; it can be pasteurized in the creamery with less loss of butterfat in the buttermilk; it permits of a larger amount of good starter thus controlling the flavor and quality of the butter. Heavy cream also means more skim milk is kept at home for feeding purposes; the cost and ease of transportation is less; it increases the capacity of the creamery; it gives a larger over-run, because it can be more thoroughly churned, thus reducing the cost of manufacture.

Thoroughly cleanse the separator each time it is used.

Skim a cream that will test from 25 to 35 per cent for reasons given above.

Separating should be done immediately after milking while the milk is warm and of an even temperature from day to day.

Thoroughly scald the cans, pails, strainers and separator parts and sun them in a place free from dust and dirt.

Cover the cans of milk and cream going to the creamery with a wet blanket to protect them from the sun so as to keep them cool.

Cool the cream as low as possible as soon as possible. Never mix a warm lot of cream with the cold cream. After it is cooled, mix and stir thoroughly with the quantity on hand.

Deliver the cream at least three times per week in summer and two times in winter. Cream once spoiled cannot be restored to its original quality.

Do not separate in the barn, where it is dark and there is more or less dirt and barn odors.

LIVE STOCK

Paving Feedlot

Not all soil becomes deep with mud during the winter season, but most clay soil does, and a larger section of the country is not sand. There is a saying that the best corn land is mud when wet. As most of the full-feeding of cattle is done in the cornbelt, it naturally follows that the average feedlot is rather muddy whenever there is moisture enough to make it such. It is also a safe bet that cattle are not doing their best when confined in a muddy lot, says one writer. We are learning more and more that it pays to get away from the mud, both for our own comfort and for the comfort of our stock, for if you will make stock comfortable and satisfied you have done much to secure the gains that should be secured from the feed that is used. Keeping out of the mud means keeping the stock comfortable and satisfied.

A cousin of the writer, a farmer and feeder living in one of the best sections of Illinois, four years ago, tried the experiment of paving a portion of his feedlot. He found the paved portion of his lot so satisfactory that he was getting the material on the ground while I was there on a visit three years ago to pave the rest of it. He was using brick for the paving, there being a brick plant in the village but two miles away. He keeps the manure cleaned up from his paved yard, hauling direct to the field each week if the field will permit hauling upon it, but if not he cleans it into a pile in one corner of the lot. His sheds are also paved and are kept bedded with straw. He is still enthusiastic over his paved feedlot, claiming that he secures enough extra gain each feeding season to pay for the cost of paving. He usually feeds from two to five loads of cattle each winter. "My cattle do just as well one week as another," he says, "while those feeding in dirt lots complain that it takes all the feed to keep even during the times when their lots are half knee deep in mud." As we progress we realize more and more that the mud tax is a heavy one, whether it be in the road, in our own dooryard or in our feedlots.

Feeding Sweet Corn.

Large growers of sugar corn think highly of the fodder derived from this crop and usually give it more care and attention than ordinary stover. Owing to the sugar it contains it is a good winter stock food since sugar is both fattening and heating. Furthermore, if grown for the cannery or the market trade, it is apt to carry a goodly measure of small ears. Matured sweet corn possesses practically the same feeding value as field corn.

A large sugar corn canning factory winters its mules almost exclusively on this ration. Except in the most severe weather it is fed in wide racks in the open lot. There is scarcely a moment in the day when the animals are not interested in its contents. When not working, a mule will clean up about three per cent of its weight per day of this ration.

Sweet corn fodder requires care to turn it into food without deterioration. Rot and mould develop easily unless it is handled properly. It has been found possible to keep it in round stacks set up about a center pole. Great care must be used in packing the center of the stack to prevent undue settling. Some growers put it up in the regular rectangular ricks. Such are more apt to take water after considerable weathering. Fully as satisfactory a method as any is to arrange it in good sized snug shocks carrying plenty of slope and then feed it directly from the shock.

ORCHARD

Orchard Drainage.

The success with tile drains in an orchard seems to depend upon soil conditions. In cases where there is a hardpan below the subsoil and the tile is laid below this, tile drains have been in operation through orchards for 20 years without any interference with the tile. In other places where the roots can penetrate the soil easily they have been very troublesome. Some orchardists recommend wrapping the joints of tile with tar paper where tile drainage is necessary in an orchard. Natural drainage is much better than artificial drainage for orchard sites.

Fall Orchard Care.

If proper sanitary measures are taken during the autumn and early winter, much may be done to rid the orchard of diseases, insect enemies and other troubles which will go far towards securing better crops.

While this is not the season for general orchard pruning, it is the time when the grower should go through the orchard and remove all dead, diseased or broken limbs. Ragged wounds leave openings for various cankers and other diseases to get in. Broken branches should be pruned back with a smooth wound to a living side branch. Dead trees should be removed from the orchard. Branches which have died from canker or other diseases should be pruned to healthy tissue.

All cull apples should be gotten out of the orchard. Those which are suitable may be used for cider, vinegar, or evaporating purposes. Those not suitable for such use may be best fed to hogs pastured in the orchard. Any worthless, decayed apples clinging to the trees should be taken of and refuse fruit not otherwise disposed of, removed. These refuse apples contain insects such as codling moth and usually the germs of disease such as bitter rot, scab, etc.

Young trees should have their trunks wrapped to protect from mice, rabbits, and to some degree, from borers. Perhaps the most economical wrapper is the veneer wooden wrapper which is a thin slice of wood of the character of which berry boxes are made. Wrappers 15 inches long, eight inches wide can be very cheaply secured. They should be fastened loosely around the trunk with a wire attached to the edge of the wrapper. If not thus attached, the wire ring may slip down and eventually girdle the tree. Approximately one inch of space should be allowed between the wrapper and trunk of the tree to give aeration and prevent injury to the bark. Wooden wrappers are perhaps the most economical. A still better wrapper, but more expensive, is screen wire such as is used for window screen. It may be cut into the desired size to accommodate the size of the tree. In small orchards even old newspapers, cardboard, cornstalks or other material available may be used. In addition to keeping out rodents, insects, etc., these wrappers shade the trunks of the trees, prevent absorption of heat, especially on the south side during sunny days, and therefore avoid what is called sun scald.

Questions and Answers

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet, with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subjetct, but no different subject. 3. This department will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine or Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions.

Margaret Sangster.

I would like to have this department please give a biography of Margaret Sangster.—D. A. D., Moorhead, Minn.

Margaret Elizabeth Munson Sangster, the American editor and poet, was born February 22, 1838, and died June 4, 1912. Twenty years later she married George Sangster, and began to write for different periodicals. In 1871 she became associate editor the Hearth and Home. During the following years she was editor of various magazines. Since 1899 she had been a staff contributor to the Ladies' Home Journal. Her works are marked by a high religious purpose and an earnest desire to brighten and beautify the common happenings of the everyday life.

The Gas Engine.

Will you kindly tell about the invention of the gas engine and who invented it?—R. R. H., Pensacola, Fla.

The idea of the employing of air and fuel for the running of an engine originated as early as 1680. In 1791 John Barber obtained an English patent on a gas-turbine, in which gas generated from solid or liquid fuels, was to be mixed with air and water, and the mixture, after having been ignited, was to exert its force upon a turbine. In 1801 Lebon took a French patent on a certain kind of gas-engine. In the middle of the Nineteenth century many different kinds of engines were invented. Some of them were actually built but none was put into commercial use.

In 1860 a Frenchman named Lenoir built and placed on the market a gas-engine. A commercial success was scored at once. The real basis for the present-day industry in this variety of industries was formed by a young German merchant named N. A. Otto. The first successful gas-engine in the United States was constructed by Brayton, in 1873.

Radium.

Please tell me something about radium and from where it is procured.—H. M., Markleysburg, Pa.

In 1896 a French scientist discovered that the metal uranium possessed the property of emitting rays that would pass through bodies that were opaque to ordinary light. This discovery led to search for other substances having this unusual property, and, by experiment, Professor Curie and his wife, of Paris, found radium, which, when separated from all other elements, gives out the most powerful radiations, 2,000,000 times as intense as those shown by uranium.

These radiations are invisible to the naked eye, but act upon the photographic plate, on electrical substances and render phosphorescent bodies intensely luminous. Radium, when separated, is a metallic powder resembling salt, but is never found in this form, nor is it prepared for use thus, because of its expense. Furthermore its power renders it a dangerous thing to work with in any way. Professor Curie once said that if it were possible to collect two pounds of radium, in one mass, he would not remain in the same room with it, as its raditions would destroy his eyesight and burn the skin of his body. The substance is so rare that the merest [illegible] of it is put to use, and it is usually used in combination.

In a lecture on Our Radium Resources before the American Mining Congress, a few months ago, it was stated that radium was found in three ores—carnotite, pitchblende and autunite. The richest deposits of carnotite are found in the Parado valley, Colorado. It is also known to exist in small amounts in Australia and Russia. Pitchblende is found in very small deposits in many places; autunite has only been found in Portugal and South Australia. This lecturer said that the total American supply of radium was conservatively estimated at 180 grams, in which he, probably, included the unmined supply as well as that which had been already mined and separated.

Antitoxin

Please tell about antitoxin in these columns and how it is used in the treatment of diphtheria.—L. H., Decatur, Ind.

The discovery of the diphtheria bacillus has led to the introduction of a new and most successful method of treatment of the disease, known as serum-therapy or the antitoxin treatment. The establishment of the principles and the introduction of this treatment are due especially to Behring of Germany and Roux of Paris. The underlying principle of the treatment is based on the fact that, if a susceptible animal is inoculated first with small and then increasing doses of the toxin produced by the bacillus, the blood of the animal is found to contain a substance called antitoxin, which has the power of neutralizing or rendering harmless the toxin.

In order to obtain large quantities of the healing serum a horse is generally selected for the purpose of immunication. By proper methods very powerful antitoxins can be obtained. The antitoxin is used not only to cure the disease but also to render persons insusceptible for a time to it. This latter procedure of preventive inoculation has been found useful especially in preventing extensive outbreaks in children's hospitals and asylums after the introduction of one or more cases of diphtheria.

Statue of Liberty.

Will you kindly give a description of the Statue of Liberty?—J. S. B., Divide, Colo.

The Statue of Liberty is situated on Bedloe's island, in New York harbor. The statue was a present from the people of France to the United States. It was unveiled October 28, 1886. Bartholdi designed the statue. The money was raised by popular subscription in France, taking five years to complete the fund.

The statue is made of bronze and weighs 450,000 pounds; the bronze alone weighs 200,000 pounds. Forty persons can stand in the head, and 12 in the torch. Four hundred and three steps lead from the base of the foundation to the top of the torch, while from the ground to the top of pedestal there are 195 steps. There are 154 leading from the pedestal to the head, and the ladder, leading up through the extended right arm, to the torch, has 54 rounds. The total cost of the statue, including the pedestal and cost of erection is $600,000. Liberty exceeds in height the Colossus of Rhodes, as the statue proper is 151 feet and 5 inches in height.

Aurora Borealis.

Kindly give in this department an account and description of the Aurora Borealis.—M. C., Mayville, N. Y.

The Aurora Borealis is an illumination in the sky, seen oftenest north of the middle latitudes in the northern hemesphere, and south of them in the southern hemisphere. In our hemisphere it is generally visible in the north and has, therefore, been called the Aurora Borealis. In the southern hemisphere it is called the Aurora Australis.

The frequency with which it is seen varies with the latitude of the place. At a latitude of 60 degrees it becomes almost a nightly occurrence. The first noticeable phenomena occurs commonly after the end of twilight, when the northern sky near the horizon will be seen illuminated with a light somewhat like that of the dawn. The illumination is in the form of a broad arch, highest near the magnetic north, and reaching the horizon in the northeast and northwest directions. Presently beams of light are seen crossing this arch with a quivering or flickering motion and shooting toward the zenith.

Each beam constantly varies in brightness and seemingly fades away to give place to another. As, a general rule, the rays or beams have a yellowish tinge. Very irregular sheets of lights having the appearance of luminous clouds are often seen. These are of various colors. Science has not been able to determine the cause of this phenomenon, but it is probable that the aurora is associated, in some way, with the magnetism of the earth.

Jacob Riis.

Please give a short sketch of the life of Jacob Riis.—N. P., Palmyra, Ill.

Jacob Augustus Riis, the American journalist, author and social reformer, was born May 3, 1849, and died on May 26, 1914. His native land was in Denmark, but when he was 20 years old he came to the United States, where he worked at different trades until he became a reporter on the New York Sun. In this work he gained a thorough knowedge of the conditions in the slums of that city, and by his lectures and writings aroused interest in the reforms in the tenement house district and became a leader in the reform movement.

Riis' thorough knowledge of the city greatly aided Theodore Roosevelt when he was police commissioner. Riis usually accompanied him on his all-night tours of investigation. Under the leadership of Riis police station lodging houses were abolished, small parks in crowded districts opened, playgrounds equipped, and many tenement house evils done away with. Riis held only one official position in connection with this reform work and that was secretary of the New York small parks commission.

U. S. Merchant Marine.

Please give an explanation of the merchant marine of this country and its value.—J. M., Greenwich, Ohio.

The United States merchant marine is composed of documented vessels comprising American-built vessels of 20 or more tons register, including vessels registered for foreign trade, those enrolled for domestic trade and licensed vessels of 5 to 20 tons register; and undocumented craft such as lighters, floats and barges, all towed.

The estimated value of the whole amount of floating property under the American flag, according to the census of 1906, was $507,973,121. In 1915, the United States merchant marine included 2,794 vessels of 1,871,548 gross tons employed in foreign trade; 23,073 vessels of 6,486,377 gross tons used in coastwise trade; 834 vessels of 31,509 gross tons employed in fisheries. The total number of vessels in the merchant marine was 26,701, with a gross tonnage of 8,389,429. These include 15,948 steam vessels, 5,866 sail, 560 canal and 4,327 barges.

Custom Receipts.

Please give some figures on the receipts of this country in years when there was a high tariff and in years of low tariff.—L. J., Frozen Camp, W. Va.

Following are the receipts of the United States government from duties on imports, beginning with the year 1908:

In 1908, $286,113,130; 1909, $300,711,934; 1910, $333,683,445; 1911, $314,497,071; 1912, $311,321,672; 1913, $318,891,396; 1914, $292,320,015; 1915, $209,786,673.

Pilgrim Fathers.

Please tell something about the history of the Pilgrims before they emigrated to America.—B. T., Leesburg, Ind.

During the reign of Elizabeth there grew up, within the established Church of England, a body of so-called Puritans, who felt that the Reformation had not gone far enough. Out of these Puritans there arose a body of Separatists, later called Independents, who would not remain in that church. Soon after James I came to the throne, in 1603, he declared that he would cause them to leave the country. Many Puritan ministers were deprived of their right to hold services, and congregations of Separatists, at Scrooby and Austerfield, in the east of Eangland, were broken up. By 1608, about 300 of these people took refuge in Holland, mostly in Leyden.

By this time the refugees had been named Pilgrims. They found themselves strangers in Holland, fearing that their children would not hold to their faith. Rev. John Robinson, their pastor, advised them to settle in America, and about 200 decided to follow his advice. Receiving a loan from their friends in England of £5,000, they obtained from the London Company a patent for lands to be located somewhere within the general bounds of the second charter of that company. In 1620 the Pilgrims began a long and tedious transfer to the new world. In July of that year a part of the Leyden congregation set sail from Delfshaven to Southampton, and of these about a hundred left the harbor of Plymouth on September 6, 1620, on the ship Mayflower, bound for the Hudson river country.

After three months of stormy voyage they arrived off Cape Cod, hundreds of miles east of their desired harbor. This was part of the territory of the old Plymouth Company and in a region already named New England. As they had no patent from the Plymouth Company the Pilgrims were under no fixed government. Therefore they drew up a compact organizing a "civil body politic" for their governmen after they should land. John Carver was chosen governor.

Miscellaneous.

M. P., Solon, Me.—We find that it is impossible to answer your question satisfactorily.

T. G. K., Marble, N. C.—The answer to your question, concering the military strength of the different countries has been given recently.

M. E., Clark's Hill, Ind.—A biography of Harold Bell Wright appeared in these columns during September.

F. E. P., Clinton, Tenn.—President Wilson is a Presbyterian.

C. J., Bluffton, Minn.—See some book dealer for what you want, as we do not publish stories in book form.

A. T., Woolwine, Va.—Communicate with some bank in the same city that the individual lives.

M. K., Pomeroy, O.—Different cities have different laws that must be observed by peddlers.

L. D., Renfrew, Pa.—This department is not for the purpose of writing compositions on diferent subjects. It would take too much space to answer your question.

F. F., Little Valley, N. Y.—Aviators have no established salaries that we know of.

W. T. O., Burlington, W. Va.—We don't know what the first church paper's name was.

G. M., Greeneville, Tenn.—Write to the firm that prints the Detroit directory, or to the postmaster, for the information you want.

Roof Garden Church Fails.

The only "roof garden" church in the world is a failure. The Central Christian church of Columbus, Ind., which had a roof garden as an added attraction, will be sold to pay debts.

Druggists Praise Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root

CUSTOMERS ALWAYS SATISFIED WITH RESULTS

I have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for two years and over and my customers are always satisfied with the results obtained from its use. I know of a case of Liver trouble where Swamp-Root proved very beneficial. I believe it is one of the finest kidney remedies in the country.

Very truly yours,
H. H. BROWN,
Druggist,
Pinnacle, N. C.
November 12th, 1915.

We are pleased to handle Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for our customers are always satisfied with the results obtained from its use. Our present manager who is an old time drug man has used it with good results in Kidney trouble and does not lose an opportunity to recommend so fine a medicine.

Very truly yours,
PORTER'S DRUG STORE,
North Main St., Salisbury, N. C.
November 12th, 1915.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

HEALTH TALKS

By Donald McCaskey, M. D.

Treating Sciatic Rheumatism.

Often sciatic rheumatism is caused by a rupture of some muscle fiber around the nerve. This damage rapidly sets up an acute inflammation which spreads and involves the sheath of the great sciatic nerve. Try, as we will by medication, by counter-irritation, by Turkish baths, and by all sorts of different forms of treatment, the patient still does not get absolute and permanent relief. It is here that the value comes in of injection.

Four ounces of freshly prepared normal salt solution is thoroughly sterilized and allowed to cool to a temperature of blood heat, about 100 to 102 degrees Fahrenheit. The patient lies partly on his face, with the affected side uppermost. The skin is thoroughly sterilized with tincture of iodine, and is then made anesthetic by a few drops of an injection of novocain. The exact position of the sciatic nerve is then located and a hollow syringe needle, four inches long, filled with sterilized novocain, which is a local anesthetic, is then directly inserted into the anthetized skin, directly down through the flesh, into the nerve. The depth usually varies from three and a quarter to three and a half inches. The syringe novocain is then injected into the nerve tissue, and the body of the syringe unscrewed from the needle. The syringe is then filled with the sterilized salt solution,and the latter is then injected in small quantities directly into the nerve tissue underneath the sheath which covers the nerve.

The whole procedure would be an intensely painful one were it not for the preliminary injection of the nerve with the anesthetic novocain, but with this used first the injection treatment for sciatica usually brings about a rapid recovery in from a few hours to a few days. Walking becomes possible without any pain, and even without any limp or any suggestion of stiffness. Every aseptic precaution, however, must be taken, and this mode of treatment is only safe in the hands of a highly competent surgeon.

RAREST PLANT, SILVER SWORD, GROWS IN HAWAII

In Hawaii grows the world's rarest plant, called the silver sword. Its very name is odd and appropriate to the cactus-like growth and the long, silky gray leaves which give it its peculiar name. The reason for its rarity is that it is found only on the most inaccessible slopes of the volcanoes of this group of islands. From the earliest times it has been greatly admired by the natives, who call it "ahinahina," gray-haired, because they had never before the coming of the white man seen silver, and therefore could not apply to the plant a name which well describes it. Climbers who have found specimens prize them more highly than do Alpine climbers the edelweiss, since it is far more beautiful and difficult to obtain than the famous flower of the Swiss.

Some spiders in Java make webs so strong that it requires a knife to sever them.

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Get the agency for the Bush Car in your territory. Ride in a Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. Driving agents wanted in every community. Get Big 48-page Catalogue. No obligation. Write to J. N. BUSH, Bush Temple, Chicago

Pres., Dept. 11-TT Bush Motor Co.,

A 17-Jewel Illinois Watch
Our Once-a-Year Offer
At $13.75—Send Only $1

To 10,000 Men Only

Once a year we buy 10,000 of these wonderful Illinois Watches. This 17-Jewel Model, with a 20-year Gold-Filled case.

We offer those watches at $13.75—terms $1 down and a year to pay. Our object is to open up 10,000 new charge accounts.

But we offer only 10,000. If you fail to get one by delay, you will have to wait a year.

How We Profit

This offer, of course, leaves us very slight profit. But we have an enormous Jewelry Department. And we supply two million homes with House Furnishings.

If we get you started—get you to open a charge account here—you will buy here all your life. That is why we offer this Watch bargain. It will last you a lifetime. And every time you look at it, it will remind you that you have an account with us.

Thirty Days' Trial

You know this Watch. The best jewelry concerns all over the country handle and recommend it. It is made by the Illinois Watch Co., Springfield, Ill.—one of the greatest and oldest watch concerns in the country.

But we send the Watch on trial. Wear it 30 days. If you are not satisfied with your bargain, send it back.

Send us only $1 when you order. If you don't like the Watch, we will send the dollar back. If you do like it, send us $1 a month. That will give you over a year to pay.

No references required. We will gladly trust you. Express will be prepaid.

But don't wait. These 10,000 watches will go very fast. And this will be your only chance for a year to get such a fine-watch bargain. Send us the coupon now.

Our Price $13.75

Only $1 Down
A Whole Year to Pay

This watch has a 17-jeweled movement—it is a perfect timekeeper. The price seems impossible. But we guarantee this watch to have 17 fine jewels, and to be a genuine Illinois watch, exactly the same as sold in jewelry stores.

The case is a 20-Year Gold-Filled Case. That is, it is warranted for 20 years. It is open-face and a beauty. The back is handsomely engraved. It has a screw back and bezel, so it is positively dust-proof.

The watch is guaranteed for 25 years. We send with this watch this guarantee certificate. Think of that—only $13.75 for almost a lifetime of perfect watch service. The watch is a perfect timekeeper. No better timekeepers were ever made than the 17-jeweled Illinois. Every man who knows watches knows this.

If you want to sell this watch back to us, after 30 days' use, we will return every cent that you pay on it.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
3745 Wall Street, Chicago

SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO. (1155)
3745 Wall Street, Chicago

I enclose first payment of $1, for which send, express paid, the 17-jewel Illinois Watch No. K4F745 described in your advertisement. If I keep it I will pay $1 each month until $13.75 has been paid. If I return it within the 30-day trial period you are to send me back my $1.

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JEWELRY CATALOG FREE. It contains everything that is new in watches, diamonds and jewelry—all sold on our easy credit plan. Just drop us a postal and it will be mailed you free. But don't fail to use the coupon and send us $1, as this wonderful watch offer will not be made again for a year.

Advertisers like to know what paper their customers read. If you mention that you are a reader of The Toledo Weekly Blade—you will favor the advertiser, insure prompt attention to your order and render a service to this newspaper.

OUR PEACE PAGE

WHERE GOD WALKS

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

Old St. Alban's, in the center of the whirl and rush and roar of a great city, frowned grayly down on the hurrying, gold-seeking throng But the organist, David Reynolds Scott, knew that the lifted hand of its stone wall, which did not cover the frown, yet concealed a smiling garden.

David was tall, a bit stooped, and the snows of his forty years had drifted at his temples. The hands with which he pushed open the heavy door leading from the choir room into the parish house, were the hands of an artist, as delicate as the chiseling of his classic features. His face of a dreamer and an esthetic was illumined by eyes which held their dreams, to be sure, and yet twinkled and creased at the corners by a saving sense of humor—a gift of God and his Irish mother.

The humor betrayed by the merry, whimsical gleam just saved him from becoming a recluse, shut in with his music and his dreams. Untouched in a way, by the world that hurried by, timid with women—yet his rooms in the rear second floor of the parish house were a refuge for many that were drifting on unquiet seas, and a meeting place for busy, thinking men, young and old. Men who instinctively recognized his manhood, sauntered hither of an evening, dropping at the threshold the cares that had besieged the day. Gossip and scandal never thrived here. There was a something about their host that discouraged it, without a protest or visible sign from him.

Discussoins, arguments, quip and jest were there a-plenty. His friends discovered in him a seemingly inexhaustible store of information concerning the big, vital questions, and the evenings were very apt to be the mornings before they knocked ashes from their pipes or had dropped last cigar stubs in the trays that were convenient to every hand.

His rooms were an expression of the man. Every luxury was provided for his guests—wide-winged chairs, foot rests, a well-appointed desk, a jar of filtered ice water hidden from view by a richly carved Japanese screen, nuts and fruit temptingly displayed. In vivid contrast was David's small bedroom, which was cell-like in its plainness. Personal comfort meant nothing to him—that of his guests everything. His contributions to the church were limited to tithes of the salary it paid him. But his private benefactions were withheld only when [illegible] gift of himself and his money were [illegible] longer needed. So much for David Re[illegible]olds Scott.

Today, as he left the [illegible]rgan where he had been dreaming, and [illegible] passed straight through to his garden, [illegible] paused at the door—startled, pleased. A girl in crisp, blue summer frock was gazing in the huge crystal ball at the reflection of fleecy clouds passing over skies not bluer than her eyes. Bluebird (Happiness) was what he named her in his heart that moment Oh, he was very, very Irish after all, you see.

As the blue eyes, with a poised-for-flight look, met the searching, kindly brown ones, she stammered: "You—you see—I came to tell the rose what the organ said about her, just now. And look, she is blushing!" When she saw that the wonder that lingered in his eyes was all tangled up with a welcome, she regained her self-possession. "It was really the Door's fault that I trespassed first—days and days ago," she went on. Then, impishly, she paraphrased:

"The little door said "Go."
The little room said "Stay,"
And oh, it's a bonny little room—
But I must go away.
The little door, like me,
Would ope and seek and know,
And forth I must to learn the things
The little door would show."

"I shall bestow a shiny new silver nameplate on that brave little door, in lieu of a Victoria Cross; and I swear that never shall it be burdened with a knocker," David answered her challenge.

"The door and I shall swing quite dejectedly on our hinges until you come again, Miss—a—Miss Bluebird," David warned, boldly, at parting.

She came again—and yet many times, again. And so the pretty love story went on, right under the sharp noses of the busybodies that infest even a church, without their being any the wiser.

Their love was as natural and as sweet as the opening of the flowers and the song of birds. In June, the roses aspired to emulate the roses in her cheeks. Flowers, increasingly colorful, clamored for a cool, sweet glance from her blue eyes during the intense, parching heat of July. By August all the flowers knew and loved her so well that, as she entered the garden, white butterflies fluttered above them—like tiny, blossom handkerchiefs giving her a Chautauqua salute. The poppies who flaunt their flaming silken draperies in September frightened into drooping paleness, the more delicate blossoms. Then, too, little Bluebird drooped a bit and for days and days did not visit her flower friends.

David did not know where to reach her—he had never asked her who she was, or whence she came. He was afraid of breaking the spell that she had woven over his flowers and around his life. When, once again, she stole softly in to whisper to the flowers, she was very wan. But the notes of the organ, drifting through the open windows, told her of David's distress and longing and unrest, and, some way, it eased her heart and stole away the memory of her pain. She had always told David, in her whimsical little way, just what the organ said. Today she kept its message to herself, as he rushed toward her with outstretched, trembling hands and glad greeting.

She knew all about David, of course—his nice, strong name and of his world-wide fame as an organist and composer. But never, never did any name but that of "Gardner Man" fall to his lot—and he was content.

And then one day—of course it all had to end—two idlers, with nothing else in the world to do but to malign those who had spoke sneeringly of David as "Miss Scott, the organist at [illegible] Albans." They were loitering by [illegible]orway of the church, right under the [illegible]ng windows that looked like a frown. [illegible]ey knew the Bluebird, as David did not, [illegible]n in New [illegible]est, most courted orpha[illegible] church York, but queerly interested in [illegible] and social settlement work.

Before their astonished eyes she stepped, her own eyes emitting blue sparks and tiny fists clinched at her side. "You are talking about someone whose manhood you are not big enough to understand," she flashed, "the man I am going to marry! A man whom you don't recognize as a true gentleman, because he is both gentle and MAN—which you are not!"

Like a small tornado, she wheeled to fly to the garden to sob out her indignation to her gentle flower friends and—collided with David, who must have heard her defense of him. Blindly she rushed on, her face suffused with the memory of her declaration—"The man I am going to marry." And he had never asked her! Oh, shame, shame, little Bluebird!

Still unseeing, she stood by the crystal ball which was doing its transparent best to bring the smile back to her face—it had never seen her distressed before. So it showed her pictures of cloudless skies, autumn sunshine and gorgeous leaves fluttering down and down. But in vain. The blue eyes never saw a thing until they met the pleading, brown orbs of the Gardner Man. But she was no longer the little Bluebird and he the Gardener. Playtime was over. She was suddenly become a woman—suffering, humiliated. He was now Mr. Scott, famous organist of St. Albans, whom—without being importuned by him—she had declared her intention of marrying.

"I have wanted you always, Bluebird. Surely you must have seen and known that." His gentle, reassuring voice was balm to her soul. "I would rather you had said that than to have the wealth and homage of the world at my feet. I am crowned. Long ago I should have told you of my love, but I was afraid that you would fly away as some of my birds do, if I but stretch forth my hand. Turn to me, little Bluebird. My eyes will tell you more of joy than the crystal ball can, 'though it reflect all the heavens.

"There, there, little girl, see how you are trembling—is it with joy, my sweet?" He did not try to kiss her, but, as she crept from the shelter of his arms and walked haltingly toward the little door, she looked back. If she had seen any lack of desire for her kisses—then the garden would never have welcomed her again. But there was only a tender, reverent forbearance—a willingness to wait until she was ready.

That night, the chimes rang so blithely and the organ pealed so triumphantly, that, though the prayer-book didn't tell them to, the congregation arose involuntarily, hearts swelling in unison with the notes of the organ—a pean of praise.

And that is all of my story—but, perhaps you will be interested to know that at least part of it is true. Perhaps, too, you would like to use David's door-verse over your own garden gate or in your own heart.

"A garden is a lovesome spot
God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot.
The veriest school of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God!—in gardens? When the even is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

Mother-Made Quick Acting Cough Syrup

Should Be Kept Handy in Every Home—Easily Prepared and Costs Little.

Mothers, you'll never know what you are missing until you make up this inexpensive, quick-acting cough syrup and try it. Children love its pleasant taste and nothing else will loosen a cough or chest cold and heal the inflamed or swollen throat membranes with such ease and promptness. It's equally as good for grown-ups as for children.

This splendid cough syrup is made by pouring 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), into a pint bottle and filling the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for $2.50—a clear saving of $2.

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Pinex is a highly conentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiaco and is famous the world over for its quick healing effect on the membranes.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., 214 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

OUR Correspondents

Two friends, O. of Michigan, and X. R. of Indiana, send Lake of the Dismal Swamp, a popular song of 50 years ago. The Indian legend concerns a young Indian girl whose lover, crazed by grief, sought her in the dismal swamp, and was never heard from again.

T., Bensinger, Ohio, says that if we sow wild oats we are bound to reap them as it is a drouth-resisting, hardy crop.

M. L. B., Medina, Ohio, says that hens there are selling as low as 18 cents, because corn is so high it does not pay to keep them. Eggs are 37 cents a dozen and butter 33 cents a pound there.

"I want to send in the name of a young man living near me who is recovering from infantile paralysis," says E. C., Milan, Pa. Will the Peace Page readers comply with E. C.'s request and send this young man cards and letters to cheer him up? His name and address are Clarence Breece, Columbia Cross Roads, Pa.

M. A. B., Wisconsin, thinks his state a good place in which to live, as he says the crops don't fail there as he claims they do in North Dakota. He is a Sunday school worker who finds much assistance in the Blade Sunday school lessons.

Mrs. W. R. Strange of Arkansas wants the address of F. B., Arizona, who lives in the San Simon valley.

Carrie E. Wells, Penn Yan, N. Y., would like to have the Peace Page readers send her two poems. One is regarding the migration of the wild geese and describes their flight in the midst of a storm. The other is a humorous German's version of Barbara Frietchie. She would also like to [illegible]in a prose recitation entitled, The One-[illegible]gged Goose.

The address of B., [illegible] West Virginia, is asked for by a Peace [illegible] Page reader. B. recently wrote a letter a[illegible]ocating vacations, which impressed J. A. [illegible], W. Va.

Mrs. A. C., New York, lives in the country and does not have the privilege of attending church. So they always try to make the Sabbath a delight at home with their grandchildren.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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IT is not when a girl takes a soulful interest in his tastes and opinions that a man need tremble for his freedom, but when she begins to take a vital interest in the way he parts his hair.

If a man's wife actually looked like the sort of woman he surreptitiously glances over her shoulder to admire when they are dining out he would probably order her to go straight home and "wash that stuff off her face."

Many a woman who has looked forward to the day when she will become engaged as the great love scene of her life is astonished after marriage to discover that she can't even remember how or when it happened.

"Shopping"—Five hours spent in looking at all the things you want and can't have—and five minutes spent in buying something you don't want and must have.

A man's primary interest, of course, is always in a woman's soul, but somehow he can always manage to control his desire to propose to her until his secondary interest in her eyes or her dimples makes him forget all about her soul.

POET'S CORNER

Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

By Robert Southey.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs,
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care.
Through her rags do the winds of winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half bare, and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been;
The travelers remember, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guest with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life,
But Richard was idle and worthless and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door,
Tho guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," crier one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey," his comrade replied,
Methinks a man's courage would now well be tried
Who would wander the ruins about."

"I myself like a schoolboy would tremble to hear
The hoarse cry shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went

O'er the [illegible]ath so well known still proceed[illegible] the maid,
[illegible]ey rose dim on the
Where the abb[illegible] sight;
Through the gateway [illegible]e entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins so lonely and dark in their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent save when hte rude blast
Howled dismally o'er the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it and quickly drew near
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a noise seemed to rise on her ear,
She paused and she listened, all eager to hear
And her heart panted painfully now.

The wind blew the house, ivy shook o'er her head,
She listened, naught else could she hear;
The wind ceased, her heart sank in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heartblood curdle cold,
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled—
She fell and expected to die.

"Curse the hat," he exclaimed. "Nay, come on till we hide
The dead body," his comrade replies;
She beholds them in safety pass by her side;
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed in her terror around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, oh, God! What cold horror then thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen.
His irons you still, from the road may espy,
The traveler beholds them and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

They made her a grave too cold and damp,
For a heart as loving and true,
And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by her firefly lamp,
She paddles her light canoe.

Her firefly lamp I soon shall see
Her paddle I soon shall hear,
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footsteps of Death draw near.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His foot-path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of weeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he lay to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tears and nightly steep
His flesh with blistering dew.

He reached the lake, and a meteor bright,
Quick over its surface played.
"Welcome he cried, my dear one's light,
And the dim shore echoes for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of birchen bark,
Which carried him off the shore,
And long he followed that meteor spark,
The way was long and the night was dark,
And the boat returned no more.

And oft from the Indian hunter's camp
That lover and maid so true,
Are seen by the light of their firefly lamp
To cross the Lake of the Dismal Swamp
And to paddle their light canoe.

Poems Wanted

Creed of the Bells, spoken in school 30 years ago.

Inventor's Wife.

One-Legged Goose, to Mrs. J. A. Gale, 426 South Huron street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Meddlesome Mattie, to N. W. Bice, 20 Fifth street, Galeton, Pa.

Out to Old Aunt Mary's, to J. Franklin Carnahan, Leechburg, Pa.

"Scotland, fair Scotland, I'm dreaming of thee."

Poem beginning, "Let us look beyond the vista of two hundred years or more, when our Pilgrim fathers landed on New England's rocky shore."

Old Sod Shanty on the Claim.

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MERRY-GO-ROUND

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Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

An Old French Fort.

I am a girl 19 years of age. My home is near the historic old town of Waterford, 18 miles from Lake Erie, in Pennsylvania. I am a great person for the country and would give nothing for a city home when compared to the free life I enjoy here. There are six of us children, but my oldest brother Eli is now in his second year at the state university, Lincoln, Neb. I was graduated from Waterford high school in 1915.

My home town here, besides being historic, is also picturesque. Adjoining it on the southwest is the natural Lake Le Beouf, in the center of which is a small island. This island is swampy, but covered with trees, so that it greatly adds to the beauty of the lake.

The French fort Le Beouf was situated at Waterford and George Washington is supposed to have visited it in his expedition against the French. There is a high knoll west of the town which is thought to have been his camping ground at that time. Beside the place where the old fort stood is the Eagle hotel.

This hotel is built of stone. I do not know exactly how old it is, but when Lafayette came to America, after Washington's death, he spent some time at Waterford and lived in this hotel. I do not know how many of the boys and girls are interested in historical things, but I always like to know about them. I enjoyed Grant Moore's letter of the army. I should like letters and cards and promise to answer all received.—Alice Duncombe, Waterford, Pa.

Our young people are interested in the historic spots of our country. There are so many places with a history. Do you live near one? If so, write and tell us about it. What do you know of your neighborhood in the early days? Let us hear. We shall always be glad to hear from our new friend.—M. H.

Boys on Farm

After reading what a clear-minded, business-headed Missouri farmer writes about keeping the boy on the farm, there comes to my mind additional thoughts in connection therewith.

Back in Michigan in the early seventies lived a farmer with his good wife and two boys; just common lads, but they had desires and aspirations for more than the farm provided as those days were before the advent of the rural mail, telephone, phonograph and automobile. Many times those boys are weary of farm drudgery and it taxed father's ingenuity to get the desired results in labor from the lads. Their desires and wants were various, a watch, a gun, a book, a better suit of clothes, an excursion trip, a term at the village school and what not.

Some of father's plans follow: He would take his boys into his confidence by asking their opinion as to which field should be planted to corn or other crops; if a spare horse were to be disposed of, should it be one of the old stand-by's or a colt? Whether the apples or the potatoes should be stored in the cellar or placed in a pit. Perhaps father would have his own way at last, but he taught his boys to take an interest in the work by making them partners.

If preparing ground for corn was the job at hand, he would say, "if you will help to get our crop ready for growth, you may go and help neighbor Brown or neighbor Smith to get his work done." The same plan was adopted with oats and other produce.

A piece of ground was being prepared for a crop of potatoes, when father would present this proposition: [illegible] such a corner or across the ditch is a piece of ground that you may plant to potatoes for yourselves if you will help to put in our crop; the same plan could be adopted with wheat or other produce.

Thus did father encourage his boys in the performance of their tasks. Was the work assigned them difficult and did they lag? Not at all. For the time being each lad was the foreman or the push; the boys would rise early and call father; the work team would hardly have time at the noon hour for a full meal; all labor was willingly performed and in addition they were earning some funds with which to purchase some desired articles.—G. W. S., Washington.

Eradicating Drink

Girls, I want you to do what you can in eradicating the greatest evil which is consuming so many of our boys. Only a few weeks ago my father and I were returning home from a town some distance from our home. We were driving and making good time. Suddenly we heard shouting behind and soon were passed by two young men in a wagon driving their horses at a gallop. Their eyes were red, and they went by shouting and waving at everyone they could see. I knew both boys well, one, I am sorry to relate, belonging to my "set."

His little brother, a boy of perhaps 12 years, was coming behind in an express, trying to keep up with them. When they reached the place where the boy with the little brother should have turned for home they kept on and the little fellow was forced to follow, although it meant miles farther.

The big brother was "keeping company" with the other fellow's sister. How my heart ached for the brother's mother. She is a widow and I knew her heart would be broken. This boy had belonged to church, and it had been the hopes of many that he would take up the ministry. But saloons were voted back and they have ruined his life. How did this girl receive her intoxicated lover? I never heard, but she continues to go with him and he to drink. Can a self-respecting girl continue to go with a fellow who has come into her presence intoxicated? You will answer no. But take a fellow who is an occasional drinker and many girls will tell you that he is all right and only drinks occasionally, never gets drunk, treats her well, and that is all that counts. But it is not, girls. Some day he will forget to treat you with respect. You know that a fellow who drinks ever so little, don't care. He will take to drinking more some day. Don't you know that if they never come into our presence using intoxicants, but drink occasionally, we are putting them on the same basis as those who do not drink? We are encouraging them, telling them and the others that there is no harm in it.

Now, girls, let us work together and do not go with a boy that ever takes even an occasional drink. Let's be among the self-respecting girls. From purely selfish motives it will pay us to refrain from going with boys who drink. But on the other side it is up to us to eradicate the rum evil for what boy would not rather give up drinking than girls? By working together we can accomplish this, for few men will take up the habit after marriage if he does not before, and few boys will take it up if it alienates them from respectable girls.—Brownie of the Hills.

BLIND GIRLS LEARN GEOGRAPHY BY TOUCH

Wonders are being worked in teaching geography, natural history and other subjects to blind children at the New York Catholic Institute for the Blind.

In teaching geography maps with raised letters and formations are used. They are placed on easels in front of the children and the boys and girls press their sensitive fingers over the contour and thus impress upon their minds the lines of the country they are studying.

Stuffed birds and animals are given the children during natural history lessons, so that the impression on the child's mind may be as real as possible.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Motto:

All that we do
We do with our might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

A New Writer.

Le Vernon Kenneth Kuhn stays at his grandma's and attends Green Valley school one-half mile away. He will be five years old December 28. He has attended one month and stands 100 in deportment and is over to the butterflies in his primer. Le Vernon says he likes his teacher. She sometimes comes and sits down beside him and puts her arm around him.

One day while out in the pasture he discovered a bee tree from which they have taken 50 pounds of honey. Le Vernon likes the birds. His address is R. D. 1, South English, Iowa.

Here is a new young member of our bird club and family, in whom we shall be interested as the years go on. Let us hear from him at least once every year.

Indian Girl Writes.

I wonder if you can find room here for an Indian girl and her father. We came from the Big Horn mountains in Wyoming to a little town in New York. I have always ridden horseback since I was old enough to stick on. We have been here eight years and I like it, but I prefer Wyoming. I don't see any letters from New York. Why don't you write? The people here are not like those of Wyoming. They are afraid to ride my horse. One boy dared to ride Beleah, but horse didn't like the way the boy bobbed up and down on his back so he sent him over his head, and the boy fell flat in the middle of the road.

My hobbies are [illegible] horse racing and music. I dearly love [illegible] birds and all wild creatures of the forest, but most of all the forest.—Wanetta.

Come again, Wanetta, and tell us what you can of Wyoming.—M. H.

Dishrag Is Pet.

Will you let a little 12-year-old boy join your circle? I have been a silent reader of the Blade for nearly a year. My uncle sent it to my mother a year ago as a Christmas present, and we all like the paper. I live in eastern Virginia in sight of Chesapeake Bay. The people here earn most of their living working on the water.

Within one mile there are eight fish factories where they make fish oil and fertilizer. You would think everything around here was dead by the smell. The people do not mind it as they say it smells like money. We moved here in May of last year from the mountainous part of Virginia, where I found lots of pleasure in throwing rocks. When I got here there were no rocks and I had to throw oyster shells, old bones and anything I could find. My pets are the dishrag, broom, four cats and a horse.—Minor W. Whitenack, Tibitha, Virginia.

SHORT AND SWEET

Goldie May Hendricks, Solsberry, Ind., is a farmer's daughter who has four sisters. Her pets are two cats and a dog.

Maude Bebber lives in Tusculen, Tenn., where the mountains and surrounding country make beautiful scenery. This is the first time she has written. Come again, Maude.

Clifford Parsons, Spencer, W. Va., is in the Roane county hospital where he underwent an operation. He asks for cards and letters.

A Maltese cat and a young pullet are the pets of Marie Wilson, Plainville, Ind. She is a bird lover.

Link Coleman, Raccoon, Ky., wonders why there are not more letters from his state. He lives in the mountains and prefers Kentucky to all other states.

Jo Alice Hargett, Mt. Vernon, Ill., raises many different kinds of flowers, but her favorites are pansies and roses.

Cards and letters are requested by Lawrence Stricklin, Elk View, W. Va.

John D. Baldrow, Grey Eagle, Minn. loves outdoor sports. Boys and girls over 16 who write him will have their letters and cards answered.

Gertrude B. Elliott and Mary F. Royce of Florida, N. Y., would like to thank the boys and girls for the many cards and letters they received.

Helen Vandergriff, Tracy City, Tenn., is in the fifth grade. She has a sheepherd dog for a pet.

Maggie [illegible] Chandler, Elk View, W. Va., would like to exchange cards and letters with all the boys and girls.

Any girls who can crochet are asked to exchange patterns with Etta L. Bell, Newport, Ohio.

Flossie E. McIntyre, Castleton, Vt., is secretary of her Sunday school. She says the shortest verse in the Bible is "Jesus wept."

One-third of the women voters in the United States live in Illinois.

The Canadian railways are now employing women as freight handlers.

A FEW CONVENIENCES FOR HOUSEKEEPING

The shops are showing a new rim cutter which will remove the core and slice an apple at the same time. It will work equally well whether apple is pared or not. There is also a small rack arrangement for cutting potatoes for the French fried variety, which makes it possible to serve a dish of equal sized pieces. The potatoes are simply peeled and washed and pressed on the cutter, when the long, slender pieces of potatoes will fall into the dish.

There are new coffee and teapots with removable handles. This will be a great convenience to the housewife who finds it so difficult to prevent the burning of handles on the gas range. All that is required to remove the old handle and adjust the new one is a plain screwdriver. Handles may be purchased separately. Mechanical dishwashers have not been in common use because the average housekeeper feared to trust her good china to its ravages, but there is now a dishwasher on the market that the salesman claims will effectually wash the most delicate china without a scratch. It consists of a is placed. For the silver there is attached a smaller basket. This is placed into a tank and hot water poured on. A handle at the side is metal basket into which the crockery turned a little while, and then hot water poured over the dishes in the baskets. Presto! The dishes are washed—and it is all so very easy.

For cleaning cutlery there is a device—a spring coil attached to a board base—that is easily adjusted to either forks or knives. In the former case the coils slip between the tines and in the latter it grips the blade. All that is necessary is to place a cloth sprinkled with cleaning powder over the cleaner and rub knife or fork over it.

In small kitchen utensils there is a nickeled milk and cream bottle cover that has a spout arrangement which makes it easy to pour the liquid. The cover is hinged and automatically opens when the bottle is tilted. These covers are 10 cents. An ice pick that is rustproof will appeal to the housewife, but when all she has to do is to stick the point into the ice and give the handle a sharp, quick push and the ice will break, but not scatter pieces in every direction, she will have a great convenience. Such an instrument is now being demonstrated. It is neat looking and as the head is hexagonal in shape, it will lie where placed and not roll back of the refrigerator to try the patience of the housewife.

A Few Dishes That Are Good to Eat

ARROWROOT BLANC MANGE—Mix three tablespoonfuls arrowroot, with pinch of salt and two heaping tablespoonfuls sugar, add two cupfuls milk, a little at a time, until the mixture is smooth, cook in double boiler 30 minutes, stirring all the time. Add flavoring to taste, pour into wet molds, serve with milk.

BREADED LAMB CHOPS—Prepare loin chops, as for broiling. Brush over with beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Dry on white paper and serve with tomato sauce.

LEMON PIE—Line pie plates with plain pastry. Mix together half cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls corn starch, then add half cupful boiling water and boil five minutes; add one tablespoonful butter, rind and strained juice of one lemon and two well beaten eggs. Mix and fill into pie plate and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

COCOANUT CAKES—Beat four eggs and half a pound sugar together over hot water until light, then allow to cool, add half a gill of milk, beating it in. Sift in a half pound of flour, two ounces cornstarch and one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, lastly mix in two ounces of desiccated cocoanut. Bake in a greased pan for 30 minutes.

SEED CAKE—Beat to a cream a quarter of a pound of butter, with seven ounces of brown sugar. Add two well beaten eggs, then sift in one pound flour, two tablespoonfuls baking powder, and add half ounce caraway seeds, mix together, and if not moist enough add a little milk. Bake in greased and floured tins one and a half hours.

BAKED BEANS—Soak five cupfuls beans over night, drain, cover with cold water, simmer till tender. Drain, pour one-half of beans into bean pot, add one dessertspoonful salt, four tablespoonfuls molasses and half tablespoonful mustard. Place salt pork, which has been scored, on top of beans, cover with remaining beans and cover whole with boiling water. Cover bean pot, bake in slow oven eight hours. Uncover last hour of cooking.

STUFFED BAKED HEART—Wash and soak the heart for 40 minutes in cold, salted water. Wipe and stuff with a forcemeat of bread crumbs, chopped ham, seasoned with salt; pepper and paprika moistened with milk. Sew up and lay the heart upon a bed of sliced onions and tomatoes. Pour a little water in. Roast for two hours. When ready, thicken with gravy, with a little browned flour, season to taste and strain over the heart.

TOMATO SAUCE—Melt one tablespoonful butter, add one sliced carrot, sliced turnip, sliced onion and half pound tomatoes, cut into pieces; fry for 15 minutes, then add one tablespoonful flour, also one cupful water; simmer slowly for 40 minutes, rub through a sieve. Reheat and serve.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Mrs. Sheldon Spent $1900 for Treatment Without Benefit. Finally Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Englewood, Ill. — "While going through the Change of Life I suffered with headaches, nervousness, flashes of heat, and I suffered so much I did not know what I was doing at times. I spent $1900 on doctors and not one did me any good. One day a lady called at my house and said she had been as sick as I was at one time, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking your medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the Insane Hospital."—Mrs. E. SHELDON, 5657 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, battled with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.